Dupk

A W Weston

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 25. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,065.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SOUTHERN BLUSTER AND BRAVADO.

A WINDY BLAST FROM WISE.

[EX-GOVERNOR HENRY A. WISE of Virginia, who made an end of himself politically by his ridiculous and frantic behavior in regard to the Harper's Ferry affair, lately emerged from his obscurity to make a political speech at Norfolk. Here is the substance of his windy oration.]

WHAT would his hearers do should Mr. Lincoln be elected. Would they wait for overt acts? Have not Southern men already overt acts enough pressing upon their endurance? Is the long succession of "overt acts" by which State after State at the North has nullified the Fugitive Slave law—is the constant inroad on our border, which hurries off every year property valued at hundreds of thousands on underground railroads—is the constant invasion of incendiary appeals—is the extension of fanaticism into our own borders—is the invasion of Kansas with Sharp's rifles, provided by emigrant aid societies, under the patronage and countenance of State authorities—is the Harper's Ferry raid of John Brown—is the recent Squatter Sovereignty burning of towns, and poisoning of cattle, and midnight conspiracy to depopulate North Texas—are not all these overt acts sufficiently imperative on Southern watchfulness, Southern self-preservation, Southern honor, to awake Southern resistance to further aggression? And will the declaration and act of war of a Northern majority, recorded at the polls, furnish no sufficient earnest and instance of further aggression? If not, what, then, is this vague, this undefined "overt act," for the purpose of awaiting which we are to bide our time in temporizing submission? Is it yet another Kansas invasion, or yet another John Brown raid? Ah, sirs, wait for another overt act, wait for another raid, if you dare! And the next raid which comes upon you will not be a John Brown raid. It will not be led by one poor old fanatic, assisted by a handful of desperate or deluded followers, scantily equipped and blindly advised. It will be a raid of thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of trained "Wide-Awakes." It will have the executive countenance of the "irrepressible" tendencies of Abraham Lincoln, and the encouragement of the policy of non-intervention, intervening to compel State sovereignty itself to submission, of Stephen A. Douglas. And while we wait for overt acts, who shall guarantee us, what shall insure us, even while we wait, against all the disorder of anarchy, all the weakness of the dissolution, or the aggression of the abuse of Federal agencies throughout the United States? Who will fill the Federal offices? Will Southern men, now proud of their integrity, and faithful in sentiment to Southern interest and Southern rights, be seduced to accept the patronage distributed, and do the work commanded by Abraham Lincoln? What sons of the South, with any filial fondness left in their bosoms, will be found, then, to fatten on the Custom Houses, or to distribute incendiary torches from the Post Offices? What then? Will the offices be filled by the worst enemies of the South, Southern traitors living in our midst and stealing our strength? Or must we send to the Abolitionist hives of the North for a full corps of officeholders, to supply Federal offices at the South? If so, will these Southern traitors, or Northern invaders, be permitted to hold office quietly in the midst of Southern neighborhoods and communities?

Are the offices to be filled with the tools and emissaries of fanaticism, and must individual citizens and sovereign States alike become used to the adversities of actual invasion? Are we to be menaced and compelled into absolute subjection to the "solid men of Boston?"

The speaker concluded as follows:

Where no conflict exists among the States, no necessity can exist for extreme remedies on the part of one State against another State. And when extreme remedies are resorted to, the conflict which originates the remedy must also become extreme—to the final conflict of armed collision.

And whenever that conflict arises, I, for one, stand prepared to strike with all my might for the defence of my country's rights, her safety and her honor. And I know, too, where my country is—

> "My country, sir, is not a single spot
> Of such a mould, or fixed to such a clime.
> No! 'tis the social circle of my friends,
> The lov'd community in which I'm linked,
> And in whose welfare all my wishes centre."

So soon as the war already declared against my State and my section shall be actually commenced by the election of a Black Republican President, I stand ready to draw the sword of defence. I will wage no private war. I will take a part in no unauthorized foray. I shall first await the action of my own sovereign State. In torturing suspense, I shall wait upon her resolves, and pray God they may be worthy of the example of '98 and '99. And, although I fully recognize the right of a sovereign State to select secession as her mode and measure of redress for the infraction of the Federal compact, secession is not the mode which I would desire or recommend. I am unwilling to yield one right for the sake of the privilege of maintaining another right. I would make no such bargain—no such compromise. I would not yield my right to the army and the navy—to the Federal treasure and territory. I would not yield my right to the Union any more than I would yield my right to my negro property. No! I would keep both the Union and the negro, and fight to the last to preserve and maintain all my rights to both.

As I have said, I will first appeal to Virginia for authority to fight under her banner. But if Virginia shall not meet the issue, and come up to the mark of self-defence and self-respect, I will look to North Carolina, I will look to South Carolina, to Georgia, to each Southern State in succession, and appeal to each for permission to fight under the ægis of her sovereignty. And I will advise each State not to wait for the example or coöperation of other States. Such waiting will only produce faltering, and all the delay and confusion of uncertainty. No! Let each State leap at once, for herself and by herself, into the contest, and struggle for precedence and preëminence in the work of defence.

Any one State, even the smallest, can make the battle and win the victory. And if the smallest State will make the battle alone and unaided; if gallant little Florida alone will take up the gauntlet of war and levy an army, I will enlist in that army, wherever it shall be raised; and we shall see then, whether the "Black Douglas" can execute this threat of coercion. If ever the issue comes, I hope to meet him in the field where the *ultima ratio* of States is to be tried. And even fighting under the banner of one little State, I will remember that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. I will remember, too, that Patrick Henry had every loyalist to cry out "treason" against him to the House of Burgesses; but he seized the old powder magazine at Williamsburg, and dragged even loyalists themselves into the tide of resistance and revolution along with him. I will remember, too, when told that eighteen millions are pressing against our eight millions, that there was a time when five millions of American patriots stood secure and won the contest against more than fifty—more than a hundred millions.

And when the hour of battle comes, we shall find that it will not cross swords over a sectional line. No. Our enemies at the North will find our friends there, too, the true friends of justice and right—Northern defenders of Southern rights—and enough in numbers to keep both hands of Northern fanaticism busied with strife at home; while we, at the South, will have active work to do in waging the war against Southern traitors in our midst and at our doors. It will be a neighborhood war, at both ends, and in the centre of the continent. At the North, and at the South; it will be a war which will array all the forces of conservatism, all the friends of equal rights, against the fanaticism and the fraud of Black Republicanism at the North, and its tools and panders at the South. It will not be a war of sectionalism or of dissolution, and, once commenced, it must result, sooner or later, in the reëstablishment of the integrity of the Union, and the purity of the Constitution.

In such a strife, and for such a holy purpose, I will join the ranks of war, and fight alike against those who would oppress me and those who would coerce my submission to oppression. I will fight

> "To combat violence, fraud and usurpation,
> To pluck the spoil from the oppressor's jaws,
> And keep my country, as I found it—FREE!"

VIRGINIA ARMING FOR REVOLUTION!

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 19, 1860.

The frequent applications for arms to the Adjutant General of this State foreshadow a crisis in our political annals, compared with which the John Brown raid was a mere holiday scene. The John Brown raid has had one good effect in Virginia. It aroused the military spirit of the State, and led to the organization of volunteer companies, and their efficient training, just in time to make their services available for any crisis that may come in the future. With the subsidence of the excitement consequent upon John Brown's invasion, the military ardor of Virginia suffered a temporary abatement; but the prospect of Lincoln's election is again reanimating it to a pitch of enthusiasm far above what it attained at that memorable epoch.

It is estimated that by the time there shall be need for their services—say about December or January next—not less than from two to three hundred thousand men will be fully armed and equipped, ready for any emergency. In addition to this, we shall, no doubt, have a large auxiliary force from othern Southern States to meet the enemy, should they attempt to enforce Douglas's coercive policy upon any seceding States.

It seems to be generally understood here that the crisis looked for as a result of Lincoln's election will be precipitated within Mr. Buchanan's term. The policy of such a course is evident, in view of the disadvantages under which the South would labor in any extreme resort, such as she contemplates, with the army and navy under the control of the very man whose election constitutes the prime source of the difficulty. She will not give the enemy such an advantage. She will make the issue and pursue it to the bitter end while there is still left in power a man whose known fidelity to the South gives a guarantee that he will not at least mar by any extra official act of his the proper vindication of the legitimate rights of sovereign States. By the time Lincoln shall have assumed the reins of government, the work will have been done. Every plan and every arrangement for future independence, or, as some say, for a great Southern confederacy, including Mexico, will have been perfected; and it will take a power far greater than Lincoln will have at command to undo them. This is no vague, unfounded speculation. I have seen correspondences from high and influential sources referring to this subject, and the feasibility with which the details of future operations are set forth in these correspondences would convince any one but a Black Republican that a terrible crisis is inevitable. Thousands who are now incredulous as to the true purposes of the Southern people, and who will, doubtless, vote for "Old Abe," will yet curse the day that he shall have entered the White House, nay, that he was nominated.

In Virginia, a great impediment exists to her fraternizing with the other Southern States in the inevitable forthcoming conflict. The Whigs, or, as they are now called, the Oppositionists, are submissionists, to a man, and will not coöperate in any movement which contemplates resistance to black republican rule. There are many Democrats along the border sections of the State who are similarly disposed; and hence there is but little hope of any movement on the part of Virginia outside of the well-defined, clearly understood, distinctly proclaimed principles of constitutional law. Virginia will move, if at all, with a slow, cautious step, not relying upon mere constructive constitutional rights, but upon the very words of the Constitution itself. She will, however, be inevitably dragged into the conflict, unwilling, as I know she is, to engage in it. South Carolina, Mississippi and Alabama, will undoubtedly secede before the middle of January next, and then a conflict with the Federal Government, it is to be presumed, will follow. Virginia cannot stand by in such a contingency with folded arms. She must go to the aid of her sister States and rescue them from the fangs of their Federal oppressor. What "Old Hickory" could do with impunity to South Carolina—impunity so far as the action of the other Southern States is concerned—would not for an instant be tolerated from "Old Abe." There is a rankling, deep-seated resentment at his election in the popular bosom of the South which needs but a slight act of aggression, nay, a harsh sentiment, to kindle into revolution. It does not follow because Jackson overawed South Carolina that Lincoln could do so. The very attempt on his part would arouse the whole South to armed resistance, and forever destroy the splendid fabric of the Union. In this attempt at coercion in reference to any seceding State rests the great danger of a general revolution, which there is every reason to apprehend. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky will never voluntarily engage in a conflict with the Federal Government, no matter who may be elected to the Presidency. But there is reason to believe that they would go to the rescue of any sister Southern State when throttled by the Federal giant. And such a contingency is by no means improbable. It constitutes now the main source of apprehension to the Union-loving men of the border slave States. It is the known policy of South Carolina, and her hot-headed sisters of the South, to bring on this emergency by a formal act of secession, which you will probably see consummated long before "Old Abe" shall have taken up his abode in the White House.

If the conflict shall come, and Virginia array herself on the side of the seceders, as she inevitably must, every traitor in the State—and they could be counted by hundreds—would be politely warned to gather up his effects and quit.' This class will be shown no mercy once the flame is lighted. The memory of past wrongs, inflicted by the party whose sympathizers those traitors are, will inflame the popular resentment to such a degree as to render the sight of one of these traitors a maddening spectacle. I know many of this class in the State who are marked out for future notice.

From the Richmond Enquirer, Oct. 19

Virginia can no more prevent the dissolution of this Union after Lincoln's election than she can prevent that election. She will be powerless to prevent civil war, with all its attendant horrors. Any one of the Southern States can, and some of them will, involve the whole country, North as well as South, in the internecine strife of a bloody and desolating civil war.

MARYLAND GOING WITH THE SOUTH.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Oct. 18, 1860.

It would be exceedingly difficult to give you an adequate idea of the excitement and apprehension aroused here since the announcement of the unexpected result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. It were a mark of insincerity to deny that the indications are growing both numerous and clear that the time has nearly arrived when it will behoove the South to stand firm and united, and either make one last effort to maintain its well defined rights under the constitution in the Union, or else to imitate the glorious example of Sparta, and, with drums beating and banners flying, deliberately march out of the confederacy, and, trusting to God, leave the consequences to be decided on some other field than the halls of Congress. And this, you may depend upon it, is the deeply settled and almost unanimous conviction of the people of the South. Those who assert the contrary deceive the country, and know but little of the volcanic temper of those of whom they write. It was supposed that there yet remained among the solid and well-meaning masses of the North, conservatism enough to present a breakwater sufficiently strong to arrest and hurl back the advancing surges of black republicanism, and defeat Lincoln, and thus effectually rebuke Seward, Greeley, Weed, and the other political incendiaries who are laboring in the same vineyard with them, and doing so much to precipitate a conflict and efface the last vestige of brotherly feeling between the North and South. But the recent elections have forever dispelled that at best but clouded hope, and exposed to full view, in all the hideous deformity of the unveiled Prophet of Khorassen, the dread reality that in the North conservatism is comparatively powerless, while fanaticism and hostility to the South and her institutions are in the ascendant, and manifestly rising still higher and higher on the wings of the popular breeze.

Already the question is asked on every side, what is it that now makes it desirable for the South to remain in the Union? What is there in unison between the two sections that ought to unite them any longer under the same government? Is it a community of interests? The South is agricultural and the North manufacturing. Is it the equality of taxation? The South needs a low tariff, and the North demands a high tariff. Is it the constant interchange of trade and the friendly and refining influence of commerce? The South exports and the North imports. Is it the agreement in policy on the question of Territorial extension? The South is in favor of the acquisition, by either purchase or conquest, of Cuba, and the North is irrevocably against it. Is it the similarity of institutions? The South nurtures slavery, and has upwards of a billion of dollars invested in it, while the North insists upon its absolute, "ultimate extinction," and would despoil the South, by a system of legislative robbery, of every dollar of that property. If, with interests so diverse and essentially inconsistent, the two sections are held together only by the Constitution, which is every day more and more encroached upon by the North, to the detriment of the South, what is there, it is asked, to cause the South to hesitate as to the line of action it is its duty to pursue? Throwing out of consideration the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of men in every Southern State who would esteem the election of Lincoln, *per se*, a cause of dissolution of the Union, how is he, in the more than probable event of his election, to fill the offices and administer the government at the South? Take, for instance, the ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston. Would any Southern man be found to accept an appointment in the Custom House of either of these places? I venture the assertion that in the present exasperated state of feeling no such person could be found with temerity enough to incur the risk of running such a tilt against public opinion. It is not to be presumed that under any circumstances Lincoln would leave these ports unprovided for; and if he can ferret out no persons in the South willing to accept them, the officials must come from the North. Is it to be credited that the South would apply the asp to its own breast and suffer a Lincolnite propagandist of black republicanism to occupy such a position, when it would not allow one of its own sons to do so? Not while it is recorded that it was emissaries insidiously introduced by a neighboring State who instigated the helots to a revolt which shook the republic of Athens to its lowest foundations, and involved all Greece in an internecine and fratricidal war. And if the South would not submit, as assuredly it would not, to have such an *imperium in imperio* planted in its midst, even on the plea of executing the law and administering the government, would Lincoln invoke the issue and send a fleet and army to induct his appointees into office and then protect them in it? Ah! then would be the rehearsal of a grand tragedy, and the world would ring for ages with the struggles of, if not another Actium, at least another Pharsalia; and if the modern Cæsar of black republicanism did not bite the dust and find a bloody grave, it would be because the recollections of Marion had been forgotten in the South, and the memory of Brutus ceased to nerve the arm and fire the heart of the patriot.

Let it not be supposed that this language becomes only the meridian of Abbeville, and is not at all suited to the latitude of a border State like this. For, although the pro-slavery proclivities of the people of this State may not be quite so lively as they are farther South, their pro-Southern sentiment is every bit as touchy and strong as it is in the most sensitive parts of Alabama, Georgia or Louisiana; and whatever fortune, be it for weal or for woe, the future may reserve in store for the South, Maryland will share in it.

Selections.

THE UNITARIANS ON SLAVERY.

[We copy below the Address of the Unitarian Autumnal Convention, recently held at New Bedford, Mass., to the "Western Unitarian Christian Union," of England, in answer to their "Address to the Unitarian Ministers and Churches in the United States of America," dated Bridport, May 23, 1860. The Address, it is not improper to say, is from the pen of Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse.]

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 9th, 1860.

DEAR BRETHREN: We avail ourselves of the first general gathering of the members of our denomination, since the receipt of your letter of May 23d, to consider the subject of that address, and reply to you as we may be able—we hope, in a spirit as fraternal and Christian as your own.

We cordially recognize the propriety of your interesting yourselves in behalf of the oppressed millions in these United States. The kingdom of God, which Jesus Christ came to establish on earth, knows no geographical boundaries. Whatever affects the well-being of man, in any part of the world, ought to be a concern of us all, if we would be coworkers with the Savior of the world. Especially should you and we be deeply interested in whatever increases or lessens the moral and religious welfare of Great Britain or of this Republic. For are we not, both you and we, Englishmen—descendants from the same ancestors? Do we not profess the same religion? Are we not most prominent among Protestant nations? And, if we will, may we not do more than any other peoples for the reformation and dissemination of the true religion?

More especially ought you and we, Unitarians, to sympathize and coöperate in our endeavors to correct everything that is amiss in either of our countries, and to remove every obstacle that may lie in the way of human progress in the one or the other. For are we not Protestants of the Protestants? Have we not announced, are we not pledged to maintain, the great principle of individual, social, ecclesiastical and civil reformation, development, sanctification, *i. e.*, the high calling, the perfectibility, the divine nature of man—not of one or of a favored few—*the elect*—but of all men, all who were made in the image of God our Father, "who has not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ"? Have we not repudiated that system of doctrines which so early supplanted the truth as it is in Jesus, and has held its place over so large a portion of Christendom, and during so many centuries of our Lord—that system which is based upon the declared congenital, inborn, total depravity of each and every one of the posterity of Adam, and the utter condemnation of all to everlasting woe, excepting only the few elected to be saved by the inscrutable partiality of the Sovereign Lord? Surely, then, it is most especially incumbent upon you and us, who have asserted and insisted on the parental impartiality of God, and the possibility that all the children of men should "come to him and live," it is most especially incumbent upon both of us to encourage everything that will anywhere help to unfold fully and harmoniously the powers and affections of all the children of men, and to remove out of the way everything that is hindering the improvement of any portion of our race.

Your letter, dear brethren, relates to the largest stumbling-stone, the hugest rock of offence, that was ever laid in the way of human progress in any part of the world, in any of its ages. It was put here by those who were your ancestors as well as ours; and it is yet to test and prove, as nothing else ever has done, the strength of your and our Christian principles—faith, hope and charity. There is eminent reason, we grant, why you should join with us in this arduous work of the Lord, because your nation is so deeply implicated in this sin of ours that we cannot throw it off without your aid.

We honor, we magnify the British philanthropists and statesmen for all they have done for the suppression of the African slave trade, and the emancipation of the enslaved throughout the West Indies. We feel ashamed before God and mankind, that our nation has not followed your good example. Our only apology is, that the difficulties in our path of duty were and are much greater than those which you so gloriously surmounted.

The chief of these difficulties, brethren, your nation put and still keeps before us. It is the immense value of our cotton trade with England that, more than all things else, strengthens the hands of the American slaveholders. The manufactures of England have created the demand, which our cotton plantations alone can supply. This has enhanced the value of slaves more than double, and created a demand for a much greater number of them than can be furnished by their natural increase. Consequently, the African slave trade is virtually reopened, if, indeed, it were ever closed.

Your nation, animated, we gratefully acknowlege, by a spirit of public philanthropy unparalleled in the history of mankind, paid one hundred millions of dollars for the emancipation of the enslaved in your West Indies. But, brethren, the slaves in our country are estimated to be worth more than two thousand millions of dollars, nearly half as much as your whole national debt, which you long since despaired of ever paying. Look back, brethren, to the great moral struggle in which many of you bore so generous a part, and see if the British people of 1833 had been required to pay twenty hundred instead of one hundred millions of dollars, as the price of West India emancipation, whether you could have accomplished that deed of humanity, which has made the 1st of August, 1834, the brightest day in your national calendar. It manifestly would have been impracticable. And it is as manifest that the mountainous iniquity of our country cannot be removed from us by the power of money, mighty as that is. No; American slavery is to be abolished by moral and religious influences, or else overthrown by physical violence—civil and servile war. Of course, we fervently deprecate a resort to the latter; we cannot think of it without horror, nor ask you to coöperate in that direction. But moral and religious means you *may* help us to apply; and we heartily invoke you to do so. The position of British Christians, and their relations to corresponding sects in these United States, enable them to speak and act in behalf of the oppressed in this country, with pertinence, power and effect. Under the quickening influence of illustrious philanthropists, the Christians of your country, at the close of the last century, denounced the African slave trade as an atrocity too glaring to be tolerated; and in 1833 gave their verdict against slaveholding as "the sum of all villanies." The enormity of those crimes has not lessened any by change of place. The Christians of your country, of every sect, are, therefore, under most solemn obligations to regard and treat all those who may be found guilty of those crimes anywhere within the pale of their several denominations as they have been and are severally wont to treat the greatest sinners. If they would do so, in all their individual and ecclesiastical intercourse with their affiliated sects in this country, the influence would be deeply felt, and the effect soon apparent. Whenever professing Christians of any name come from England to visit or to reside in our country, oh! let them bring their abhorrence of slavery with them, and give it expression wherever they see the abominable thing, or hear it spoken of in tones of excuse or toleration. And whenever American Christians of any name visit your country, let them ever find themselves in an anti-slavery presence, breathe an anti-slavery atmosphere, and be made to feel that slaveholders, and the apologists for slaveholding, are considered flagrant offenders against man and God. Such a procedure on your part would be consistent with your oft-repeated declarations, and would have a telling effect upon the upholders of our American despotism.

As you are aware, we Unitarians are among the smallest of the Christian sects in America; that there are only six or seven Churches of our brethren in all the slaveholding States. But we have no disposition on that account to ignore our responsibility, nor to avert the censure we may deserve.

Dear brethren, fear not to be vigilant in watching our every act in relation to our great national sin, and in rebuking whatever in us may seem to you like complicity with the oppressors of God's poor. Advise us, moreover, of any mode of influence or action by which it may seem to you that we may help to extirpate this deep-rooted moral Upas.

But, brethren, allow us to tell you that you may and must coöperate with us to the overthrow of American slavery, by appliances laid in your own country, and to your own fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians. It cannot be that hundreds of thousands of English people, who are gaining to themselves the comforts of life, and the tens of thousands who are accumulating wealth out of the manufacture of cotton raised in these United States—it cannot be that they are wholly guiltless of the crimes and cruelties that are incident here to the production of that article. Nay, are they not the receivers of what we have obtained for them by crimes that are worse than theft?

The liveliest concern should be manifested by all Christians in Great Britain for the bondmen in this country. Unwearied pains should be taken to quicken and increase anti-slavery sentiments and feelings throughout your country, for your own sakes scarcely less than for ours; not only that you may exert a more and more redeeming influence upon us, but that you may avert from your countrymen and yourselves the demoralizing effects of any participation in this great iniquity of our nation.

Brethren, we thank you for your address. Continue to help us. Let us join hands not only for the promulgation of our most precious faith, but in our efforts to remove this most stupendous obstacle to the spread of practical Christianity throughout our country, your country, and the world.

In behalf of a large majority of this Unitarian Autumnal Convention, we subscribe ourselves your grateful friends and fellow-Christians.

SAMUEL J. MAY,
JAMES F. CLARKE, } Committee.

THE EMANCIPATION MOVEMENT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

COVINGTON, Allegheny Co., Va., Sept. 16, 1860.

THE emancipation movement in Western Virginia, to which I referred in my last letter from the White Sulphur Springs, may be set down as a fixed fact. The prevailing excitement growing out of the slavery question, in which the West is not materially interested, while from its border position it is necessarily made to feel deep concern and apprehension in the matter, is furnishing even a stronger motive to get rid of slavery than the enormous pecuniary burdens to which it is subjected to defray the expense of its protection in the East. The people in this region, and other points in the trans-Alleghany country through which I have travelled, openly admit that they are tired and weary of this constant excitement growing out of the slavery question. "No sooner have we been relieved," they observe, "from the terrible excitement occasioned by the John Brown raid, than another firebrand is thrown in our midst in the shape of a disunion cry in connection with Lincoln's election." "There is, in short," say they, "no respite from continual excitement and apprehension in connection with the slavery question, and we must get rid of it. Our domestic peace is sacrificed by reason of the nominal existence of this institution in our midst, and we must either abolish it, or remove to some point where we can enjoy peace and security." Such I know to be the sentiments of many leading men in Western Virginia, and they will soon find a more practical expression in the emancipation movement which is now determined upon.

The developments relative to this scheme, made through *The Herald*, have taken many in this region by surprise—surprise because of the scheme coming to light despite the efforts made to keep it secret. The intention originally was to operate *sub rosa* during the interval between this and the assembling of the next State Reform Convention, when it was contemplated to bring to bear upon the East such a pressure from the great and growing West as would compel them to yield to their schemes of emancipation. To proclaim their purpose at this early stage would be to forfeit some little additional boons in the shape of additional appropriations for unfinished public works, which they anticipated receiving from the East. It may be that these considerations would now influence a disavowal of the purpose developed in *The Herald*; but whether that shall be so or not, cannot and will not detract from the truth of my statement, for the information therein contained was derived from one prominently identified with, if not the prime originator of, the movement. At all events, I feel confident that future developments will fully vindicate the truth of all I have said upon this subject.

The originators of this emancipation movement discover an additional source of strength in the accession of a colony of some forty or fifty thousand Frenchmen, who are to settle along the great coal mining regions of Kanawha, under the auspices of a French company that have lately purchased the James River and Kanawha Canal from the State and stockholders. This company have recently become proprietors of some millions of acres of land in the Counties of Kanawha and Boone, embracing the richest coal lands in the world. This land was lately recovered from the State under an old title given by the original proprietor, a Mr. Swann, who, after long service in the Revolutionary war, emigrated to France, where he mortgaged his estates in Virginia. The present proprietors, seeing that this rich acquisition would be comparatively valueless without some transportation medium either to the Ohio or the Atlantic seaboard, immediately entered into negotiations for the purchase of that great State work, the James River and Kanawha Canal, the line of which lies directly through the heart of the Kanawha coal mining country. They made the purchase upon terms entirely satisfactory to the stockholders and the State's agent, the Board of Public Works; and it only now awaits the ratification of the Legislature to be perfected. That it will have the unanimous approval of that body no one entertains the shadow of a doubt.

This little history of the acquisition of this large territory, and of the purchase of the canal, I have deemed necessary to a proper understanding of the colonization scheme which is looked to so hopefully by the friends of emancipation to aid them in carrying out that project. It is a feasible hope; for by the accession of so large an amount of free labor at once, the death blow is given to slavery in that section—indeed, in the whole trans-Alleghany region; for the rich coal mines of Kanawha offered the only field west even of the Blue Ridge where slave labor could be profitable.

As if to counteract the evil influences to which I have referred as operating to produce dissatisfaction in regard to slavery in Western Virginia, it is now contemplated, I understand, to fortify the Virginia border lying along the Ohio river and opposite the State of that name. This may do very well so far as giving some security to the inhabitants of this region against raids and sorties from their abolition enemies of Ohio. But what of the enormous taxation to which the West is subjected for the protection of an institution in which they have but a nominal interest—thousands of them none at all? And the proposed fortification scheme will but aggravate the evil by increasing taxation. From all I can ascertain, this remedy, so called, will not be satisfactory. The interest at stake, and that which is the source of the evil—slavery—would prove entirely inadequate to the costs of this fortification scheme, while it would furnish nothing like a counterbalance for the inconveniences and apprehensions inseparable from the state of things contemplated by those who propose to extend this fortification boon. The remedy is found in abolishing the source of the evil, and it is that conviction that leads to the emancipation movement to which I have referred.

In case an extra session of the Legislature of this State should be called, of which there is some probability, a conflict between Eastern and Western Virginia will probably be precipitated in connection with the measures to be adopted in view of Lincoln's election. The East, it is said, will favor an extreme policy, while the West will be opposed to it. The eagerness of the latter to ratify the purchase of the James River and Kanawha Canal, in which they feel a great interest, may prevent them from offering any violent opposition to any measure that may be introduced; and the probability is, that both sections will compromise upon some class of measures somewhat reflective of the average sentiment of the East on the subject of Lincoln's election. This, however, will depend, in a great measure, upon the order of business to be pursued by the Legislature. If they should give precedence to the James River and Kanawha question and ratify the sale, the West, having obtained their great desideratum, may fall back upon their conservative policy and defeat any ultra scheme that may be proposed. In that event, a conflict will arise which may precipitate the very issue which forms the leading subject of this communication. If such a state of things shall occur, then, indeed, will there be an end to harmony in the Old Dominion.

In any aspect we view the existing state of things in Virginia, nothing but confusion, conflict and strife is foreboded. Mutual distrust seems to pervade the inhabitants of the two sections, growing out of the conflict of interests which characterizes the relations of both. There is evidently a deep-seated jealousy existing among the people of this region towards the East for their monopoly of most of the leading State offices; and I would infer that by and by, when the West increases in power and influence, retaliation will be their war cry. The Old Dominion is undoubtedly in a transition state, and what the sequel will be no human being can foretell.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

WE are sorry to say that Elder Stephen Brewer, to whose case we had occasion to refer some eighteen months past, still continues in a contumacious state; and, from disturbing the peace and harmony of the Presbyterian Church of Cortlandville, has become an occasion of contention and hard words in the Synod of Onondaga.

Mr. Brewer's offence originally consisted in having neglected his own Church in order to hear, of a Sunday afternoon, Garrison, Phillips, Emerson and G. W. Curtis, who, at different times, had lectured in the village on that day. Being cited for this offence before the Church Session, Mr. Brewer confessed that in the space of three years, he had attended some four times, as charged against him; but he proposed to justify his having done so by facts and reasons connected with the lectures themselves, and his motives for attending. The Session refused to hear him on these points, and as he declined to promise never to repeat the offence, they suspended him from his eldership. He appealed to the Presbytery, which sustained the Session, and from the Presbytery to the Synod, but with no better success. In that body, however, he found many sympathizers, especially as his Christian character and sound Presbyterianism were, in all other respects, unimpeachable; and the minority succeeded in carrying a resolution appointing a committee of two to labor with the Session and the culprit so as to bring about, if possible, a reconciliation between the Church of Cortlandville and its suspended elder.

The report of this Committee, read the other day before the Synod, expressed the belief that Mr. Brewer had attended the lectures in question from conscientious convictions of duty, and that he had refused the promise demanded of him under the persuasion that so to yield to ecclesiastical pressure would be to betray the cause of personal Christian liberty. It then proceeded to state certain views of Mr. Brewer's motives, which the Committee had unsuccessfully urged upon the Church, as reasons for withdrawing their censure, the ground being assumed that there was no case for ecclesiastical discipline unless it appeared that the accused had attended the lectures in question out of sympathy with the alleged infidelity of the lecturers, of which there was no proof nor reasonable ground of suspicion.

This report excited in the Synod not a little commotion, as though their own Committee had made themselves, by the opinions expressed in it, almost as amenable to discipline as the suspended elder himself. However, after warm debates, as the report proposed no action, it was finally received and laid upon the table. Stephen Brewer still continues suspended, but it seems rather doubtful whether ecclesiastical discipline has gained anything by calling him to account.—*Tribune.*

SLAVE INSURRECTIONS AND THEIR REMEDY.

To the Editors of The Evening Post:

THIS kind of "domestic violence" is becoming frequent, and will probably be more so in coming time. It is therefore proper that our true constitutional duties should be understood by the people. I am reminded of this duty by the remarks of Senator Doolittle, in a speech reported in *The Evening Post* of 27th September, in which he is reported as saying: "If they (the slaves) rise in insurrection, as they may, it (the Constitution) binds us to put them down with ball and bayonet. The truth is, and we may as well open our eyes to the fact, that the strong arm of the Federal Government may be invoked to hold them for their masters to work them."

The Senator doubtless put forth these ideas without that study and thought which should have guided him when attempting to expound our constitutional rights and duties. The fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution reads as follows: "The United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

It would appear difficult to misconstrue this language. *Protection* to the State and its people is the entire object of this provision. It is not to put down insurgents *by ball and bayonet*, or by the halter or the gibbet. Nor is it to hold slaves for their masters to work them. If such were the obligations of the Constitution, Mr. Garrison might well call it "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." The State has the right to enforce its own laws if it can, nor has the Federal Executive the right to interfere *until called on for that purpose.* But when called on for protection, he must render such protection in that way which shall be most consistent with *justice*, and not with injustice. This war power is an unlimited despotism lying behind all constitutions and all laws, and is less understood by the American people than almost every other feature of our government. If necessary to protect the people, the army may be used to shoot down slaves; but if the insurgent slaves can be pacified by having their freedom, the Executive may protect the people by giving the slaves their liberty, or by sending them out of the State or country, as was practised in the Florida war by Generals Scott and Jessup and Taylor.

We know that this was the construction given by Mr. Adams, publicly, in the House of Representatives. Southern members listened to it, but no one dared deny it; nor did they in their arrogance even assert that we were bound to hold their slaves for the masters to work them, or that we were bound to put them down with ball and bayonet, when liberty and justice to them would equally *protect* the people.

This construction governed the Executive during the war of 1812, and a very distinguished instance occurred at New Orleans: General Jackson was in command; the army was approaching; he ordered the impressment of slaves, horses and carts, to erect a breastwork behind which his troops could shelter themselves during the expected battle. In ordering this impressment of slaves, his object was to defend the city, and Mr. Madison and his cabinet approved Gen. Jackson's total disregard of the master's claim to the slave, and his total disregard of the laws of Louisiana. It was the exercise of the war power lying behind constitutions and laws. The slaves and horses were killed by the cannon-shot of the enemy, and the carts destroyed. The masters called on Congress to pay for the slaves, horses and carts. That body approved the action of Gen. Jackson, and paid for the horses and carts, but promptly refused to pay for the slaves.

In the Florida war, the slaves of that territory and of the States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi left their masters, and, joining the enemy, waged a civil war against the white people. These slaves, when captured, or when they surrendered to our army, were unhesitatingly sent west whenever the officer in command thought proper; and Gen. Taylor went so far as to refuse masters permission to see their black prisoners for the purpose of ascertaining whether they owned any of them or not. Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, both of whom occupied the Presidential chair during that war, approved this action, and paid no attention to the pretended claims of the masters; and just as often as the question was raised in Congress, that body sustained the action of the Executive by refusing compensation to the owners of the slaves thus emancipated.

The whole theory and practice to which I have alluded is in perfect accordance with the Republican platform, which declares that our government was "instituted to *secure* life and liberty," and not to destroy the enjoyment of these rights by shooting down slaves, or holding "them for their masters to work them."

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Jefferson, Ohio, October 15, 1860.

LIBERTY IN MINNESOTA.

From The St. Cloud (Minnesota) Democrat.

WILL NOT PROSECUTE.

OUR readers will remember that Colonel Christmas, a Southern *gentleman*, stole a negro woman, and kept her for a number of years, and finally brought her to Minnesota, when some generous friends of honesty took the stolen property from him and restored it to the rightful owner. Then the gallant Colonel determined to carry out his instincts of peculation, and thinking that something was better than nothing, concluded to steal the woman's clothes, inasmuch as he could not keep the woman herself. This he did, and toted the wearables away back to the land of chivalry. Bandanna handkerchiefs, cotton petticoats, calico gowns, straw bonnet, etc., the man of epaulets took captive, and bore away in triumph. These clothes had been purchased for the woman, and presented to her by her negro friends, and the negro friends of her deceased husband, who was free, and had left considerable real estate; and with this negro contribution of negro garments the grandiloquent Southern lordling enriched his stores. The friends who had assisted the stolen woman, Eliza Winston, the owner of the contribution, to get back her own stolen body and soul, insisted upon her prosecuting the Colonel for the wardrobe and taking out a replevin to recover it; but she was in such constant terror of being restolen herself that she would not consent; and after the thieving Colonel left St. Anthony, one of his neighbors, who was about to return, called upon Wm. Babbitt to know if Eliza had any message to send—boo—woo—woo to—to—to—her former master! When she sent word to the kind neighbor, to tell massa that she would not prosecute him for stealing her clothes—wouldn't do it on account of the little child she had nursed so long, and whom she loved as her own. So the Colonel will get leave to keep the dry goods, and ought to wear the bandannas turban fashion as a crown of victory.

ELIZA WINSTON.

We were mistaken in saying that Eliza *had been sent* out of the State. She came to Minnesota with the full determination to regain her lost freedom here; and the chivalrous men who aided her in carrying out her determination felt, for a time, that it would be impossible to protect her here from the horde of kidnappers who were lying in wait for her; and when we were in Minneapolis the plan was to send her to Western New York. We took it for granted that this plan had been executed; but Mr. Babbitt, who stands foremost amongst her rescuers, informs us that they concluded to do all they might to establish Minnesota as a *free* State, and to show that she could give shelter to the oppressed who appealed to her hospitality in conformity to her laws. So she has been kept here. Our Constitution and laws adjudged her free; and our noble, self-sacrificing citizens have protected her in the enjoyment of her freedom. Good for Minnesota. It has long been the proud boast of Britons that "a slave cannot breathe in England." Their air is so permeated with God-given liberty, that the moment a slave touches their soil his shackles fall, and he stands enfranchised—restored to the ownership of his own body—no longer a thing, but a man. The Constitution of Minnesota adopted this glorious rule as supreme law of our North Star State. Democrats and Republicans were unanimous in the determination that there should be no slavery here, and in Eliza Winston's case the majesty of the law has been fully vindicated. Thank God that our air cannot be polluted by the breath of a slave, or rent by the clank of a chain. The coward cravens, who fawn and roll in the dust, and crawl on their supple knees, over our own Constitution at the feet of Southern men for the sake of the dollars they bring here, had all their fawning for their pains; and Minnesota is free—her laws and Constitution supreme on her own soil, and her hospitality vindicated.

REV. MR. BEWLEY.

From The Boston Zion's Herald.

The Patriot, a Bell and Everett paper, published at Sherman, Grayson Co., Texas, dated Sept. 15, has a long article on Rev. Anthony Bewley, in which the editor states that Bewley "was pursued from Texas by A. G. Brayman and Joe Johnson to Cassville, Mo., captured and brought back on the Overland stage on Monday evening" (probably Sept. 10th). The editor adds that he saw him, and proceeds to describe his personal appearance, and a conversation with him, in which he assured Bewley that "if anything whatever was substantiated to show his guilt, $10,000,000 would not save him." He accuses Bewley of being one of "the Timber Creek Conference presided over by Bishop Janes," all of whom fled but Bewley, and adds: "Long before this notice reaches Bishop Janes, his soul will be before the God that gave it, if he has any." He says that "Bewley was saved" (from hanging we suppose), "in Fayetteville, Arkansas, when arrested, only by the interposition of the sheriff of Washington County; there were eleven of those wretches in company, but all escaped but Bewley."

The names and dates in the above are so circumstantially given that we credit the account, and doubt not that Rev. Mr. Bewley was alive and in the hands of a mob in Sherman, Texas, so late as September 10th. The longer he was kept alive, of course the greater would be the probability of his final liberation. He always bore an excellent character in the North, owned some property in Texas, and this was probably the reason he remained there. Though decidedly opposed to slavery when his sentiments were asked, he was not accustomed to obtrude his opinions on that subject upon others. As it regards complicity with any insurrectionary movements among the slaves, he was not a man to be suspected of such a thing. If

71.2009.085.01177

he has been put to death, or even held a captive so long a time on a mere suspicion, without a fair and regular trial with all proper and legal means of defence, the whole Church and the whole country will protest against a crime which would be approved in no part of the civilized world, except where the barbarism of slavery sheds its baneful influence. For the sake of his family and the Church, and the country, we hope his life was spared, and that he yet may be permitted, in some portion of the country where free speech is enjoyed, to relate his experience in Texas. If alive, he will undoubtedly soon be heard from.

Since writing the above, we see a statement in *The Boston Journal* that the Houston, Texas, papers state that Mr. Bewley was actually hung at Fort Worth, Texas, on a tree, a little later than the above date. This is probably correct. Thus, after being in the hands of an organized mob about two months, this minister of the gospel has been put to death, without a legal trial, and with no interference on the part of the civil authorities in his behalf. What greater evidence of "the barbarism of slavery" could be demanded? Where, except under the influence of slavery, can a parallel be found in the nineteenth century? If Mr. Bewley was guilty of any crime, why was not an accusation properly made, and why was he not legally tried by a jury with all proper means of defence?

It is such acts that make all truly religious papers, and all truly religious men in the North, to a certain extent, political. Without the slightest preference of one party over another for personal purposes, or for office, or on abstract political questions, all good men must rejoice that there is now a prospect that the power of our national government will be righteously employed, and that the tide of pro-slavery power will rapidly fall.

We have never seen Mr. Bewley, but are assured that he was a deeply pious, honest man, not actively opposed to slavery; but believing that slavery was wrong, he was always ready to express his sentiment prudently when it was called for. He was not in favor of insurrection nor violence, and was probably entirely innocent of the gross charges made against him. If not, why was he not legally tried?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETING.

The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society occupy nearly all our inside space this week, to the exclusion of much other matter for which we desired to find room. Our apology, if any were needed, for this unusual lack of variety, would be found in the interest and importance of these proceedings, and in the desire of our Pennsylvania friends to have them complete in one paper for wide circulation.

Kennett Square is a small but quite picturesque rural village, about 30 miles west of Philadelphia, with which it is connected by a Railroad opened within the last year. It is the centre of a highly cultivated and productive agricultural community, one of the finest, perhaps, in the whole State. In point of intelligence, morality, and interest in the philanthropic enterprises of the day, we know of no community that could claim precedence of it. The meeting was held in a spacious and convenient hall, recently erected by the people of the Borough, and which certainly does credit to their enterprise and taste. The attendance was numerous from first to last, the hospitality of the people generous, and their attention to the proceedings indicative not only of a deep and abiding interest in the objects of the Society, but of a high appreciation of what it has done and is doing for the advancement of the anti-slavery cause. In short, in reviewing the incidents and results of this gathering, the friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society have abundant grounds for congratulation and encouragement. The absence of Mr. Garrison, whose presence had been expected, was a source of disappointment and regret; but the speaking was of such a character as to prove that the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania have little need of foreign aid to make their assemblies interesting to themselves and profitable to the cause. Hiram P. Crozier, of Huntington, L. I., though differing from the Society on some points (and, as some thought, unduly emphasizing those differences), yet showed himself an earnest and able champion of freedom. Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, J. M. McKim, Robert Purvis, Edwin H. Coates, E. M. Davis, Reuben Tomlinson, Dr. Sumner Stebbins, Chandler Darlington, Thomas Whitson, Eusebius Barnard and J. W. Thorne took an active part in the proceedings. A new champion of the cause also appeared in the person of Miss Anna E. Dickinson, a young lady of 18, whose deep and earnest sympathy for the slave and power to stir the sympathies of others made her presence peculiarly acceptable. It is cheering to the older friends of the cause to see young persons, like Miss Dickinson, coming forward to supply the vacancies which death is constantly making in our ranks.

The resolution in relation to the Republican party was the only one upon which there were any serious differences of opinion; and the discussion upon this, though exciting and sometimes sharp, did not impair the good fellowship which should ever characterize such assemblies.

The Philadelphia Press of Saturday contained what purported to be a report of the proceedings of the meeting, but what was in fact nothing more nor less than a gross caricature. This is not the first offence of the kind committed by the writer of that article. We are surprised that the editor of *The Press*, who means to be fair, and who has ever treated the Abolitionists with due courtesy, should allow any one so reckless to have the run of his columns.

Robert Purvis is the chief sufferer by his misrepresentations. Mr. Purvis, knowing the liberties sometimes taken by these gentry of the quill, and having lately had a taste of the quality of this writer in particular, took the pains to go to him and enter a caveat in advance against any improper license. He was the more particular to do so, as he had, in the heat of debate, used one or two words which, in the hands of an enemy, might be used to his disadvantage. He had, when speaking of the courage of Washington's fugitive slave woman, said it was "higher" than his, when he should have said *as high*, and he had used the word "scoundrel," as it were hypothetically, in connection with the name of Jefferson. He asked the reporter, as it would not be necessary to the essential correctness of his account, to omit the word "scoundrel." He promised to do so, and he did; but in its stead he put other and more offensive epithets, and represented Mr. Purvis as applying them not contingently but absolutely to Gen. Washington.

The people of Philadelphia will know just how much credit to attach to the statements of this man, when we tell them, as a matter within our own personal knowledge, that neither this reporter nor the associate whom he relies upon to bolster him up, was in the meeting one-fifth of the whole time of its continuance. He was there about two hours at the close of the first day, and about the same length of time, possibly a little more, the next day. Of the six sessions of the meeting he attended but two, and did not witness all the proceedings of either of these. He depended upon the Secretary, and on what he could pick up outside, for the material of his report. All that was in his statement worthy of full credence was that which he received from the Secretary. The rest is a mixture of truth and error, of what he heard himself, and what he got from the others; the whole forming an incoherent jumble, without any title to implicit reliance.

One word to those Republican editors of Philadelphia: Gentlemen, you complain that you are misrepresented at the South by designing politicians who know better; that your principles are misstated and your personal characters slandered. You have no right to make this complaint; for you as grossly, if not more so, misrepresent the principles and character of your own fellow-citizens; men who live beside you; whom you know well, and of whom you know no harm. Either cease your own practice of gross misrepresentation, or cease complaining of that practice in others. — Here, for want of room, we must stop.

Crowded Out.—Among the articles crowded out this week we mention the following:

- A letter from Mrs. Martineau;
- A letter from our Boston Correspondent;
- A letter from our Dublin Correspondent;
- A letter from our Washington Correspondent;
- A letter from Parker Pillsbury;
- A letter from Aaron M. Powell.

Many occurrences inviting editorial attention we must pass in silence.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Town Hall, Kennett Square, Chester County, commencing on Thursday, October 25th, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

James Mott, President of the Society, took the chair, and was supported by Robert Purvis and Thomas Whitson, Vice-Presidents.

In the absence of Reuben Tomlinson, Recording Secretary, J. M. McKim, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, was appointed to take his place.

Mary Ann Fulton was chosen to act as Assistant Secretary.

Lucretia Mott expressed her pleasure at the happy auspices under which the meeting assembled. These meetings were refreshing occasions. It was pleasant to greet old friends and see the faces of associates with whom we have so long labored in this most holy cause. If it was right to weep with them that weep, it was also meet that we should rejoice with them that do rejoice; and I am sure you are all rejoicing over the evidences of our progress and the proofs of what has already been accomplished. We have no religious observance with which we mark the beginning of these meetings, but our hearts well up nevertheless with grateful joy at the signs of the times, and the evidences of approaching triumph to the cause in which we are engaged.

J. M. McKim was glad of the strain in which the speaker who had just taken her seat had expressed herself. It was true that this Society had no set forms of religious observance with which to commence its meetings; but if any were to infer from this, that it had no religious spirit, or was actuated by no deep religious principle, he would fall into a very great mistake. The anti-slavery movement was, in a high degree and in the best sense of the word, a religious movement. It was started by men who walked with God, and whose hearts had been touched as with a live coal from off His holy altar. It had ever been conducted, spite of all representations to the contrary, taking it as a whole, in a truly religious spirit. We call it a Moral Reform. But who shall draw the line between religion and morality? The two are inseparable; one cannot exist without the other. William Lloyd Garrison had said that "this movement of ours, to be sure of success, must be borne forward on the shoulders of Christianity." This, though it may be expressed in different phraseology, is the prevalent sentiment of this Society. If, therefore, any stranger should look in upon this meeting, and infer from the absence of religious forms the absence also of a religious spirit, he will make a very great mistake.

Chandler Darlington said it was true we had no religious forms, and he was glad of it. These observances were sometimes inopportune and to many unacceptable. The time could be better employed than in reading long passages from the Bible, and making formal prayers.

E. M. Davis trusted we would now proceed to work, and moved the appointment of the following persons as a

Business Committee—Mary Grew, Mahlon B. Linton, Simon Barnard, Robert Purvis, Oliver Johnson, H. P. Crozier, Lucretia Mott, Thomas Whitson, and Sarah Pugh, which on motion was agreed to.

The following persons were appointed as a

Finance Committee—Chandler Darlington, Alice Jackson, E. M. Davis, Samuel Pennock, Joseph A. Dugdale, Isaac Mendenhall and Abby Kimber; also a

Nominating Committee—John Cox, George Atkinson, Sarah Barnard, Edwin H. Coates, Jolly Longshore, Stephen Smith and Rebecca Plumly.

J. M. McKim and Mary Grew offered respectively the following resolutions, as affording suitable topics for remark until the Business Committee should have time to report:

1. Resolved, That we regard with great satisfaction the agitation that is now rocking the country to its centre on the question of slavery, confident that its effect will be such an enlightenment of the public mind and change of the public heart on that momentous issue, as must eventuate in the overthrow of the system.

2. Resolved, That in the action of the various ecclesiastical bodies of the North, we see indubitable evidence of the power with which the anti-slavery sentiment of the community presses upon them, sometimes extorting from them faint and unwilling testimonies against slavery, and sometimes eliciting hearty denunciation thereof; and that, in the course of such clergymen as Dr. Cheever, we see indications of a regenerated and purified Church, against which Anti-Slavery Societies can have no controversy.

H. P. Crozier, of Brooklyn, N. Y., said he was here by invitation of his friend, Mr Johnson. He was glad to be at this meeting. He was always at home in an anti-slavery gathering. He had never known the time when he was not an Abolitionist. He had never had the consciousness of prejudice against color. He had lived at Peterboro', where little or no distinction was made on account of complexion. He had eaten with black men; he had *slept* with a black man; and this, perhaps, was as severe a test as a man's anti-slavery character could be put to. He had been on terms of intimacy with Henry Highland Garnett, and he considered himself debtor in that intercourse. He was glad to be at the meeting, and would have more to say in the course of its progress. Adjourned.

Thursday Afternoon.

Robert Purvis—The gentleman from Long Island made some remarks which suggest to me a few words in reply. I am glad to see the gentleman here. This is a free platform, and we welcome to it speakers of every variety of opinion. But, sir, I utterly repudiate the idea that social intimacy with colored men is a test of anti-slavery character. Sir, what has eating with a man, or sleeping with a man, to do with the question of human rights? This, sir, is novel anti-slavery doctrine; and, in the name of the cause, I utterly, and, in my own name, scornfully repudiate it! Sir, we ask no favors of any man or any class of men, in this contest. A white man may eat and otherwise associate with colored men, without conferring thereby any favor. It is quite possible that the favor may be on the other side!

Sir, this is a question, not of complexion but of principle. Social intercourse is regulated by irreversible social laws. Every man will find his level. Gentlemen will associate with gentlemen; vulgarity will find its natural place, and true refinement will be respected without regard of color; and that, sir, is what this glorious anti-slavery enterprise is teaching the American people.

Mr. Crozier—The gentleman has misunderstood me. He expresses my own sentiments. His rebuke does not touch me; it is like water on the duck's back. I did not claim to be conferring a favor in associating with colored men. I distinctly said that in my intimacy with Mr. Garnett, it was I, not he, who was the debtor.

J. M. McKim expressed the regret he felt, in common with the rest, at the absence from the meeting of our noble pioneer and beloved coadjutor, William Lloyd Garrison, and read the following letter in explanation of the cause:

LETTER FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, October 21, 1860.

My Dear Friend: Since I promised to attend the anniversary of the Pensylvania Anti-Slavery Society at Kennett, I have been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis; and though at the present time it is considerably mitigated, I am under positive medical prohibition, in reference to public speaking, for some time to come; hence I must again disappoint my Pennsylvania friends—most deeply to my own regret and loss, for their magnetic presence is ever most delightful and strengthening to my spirit. I can only beg to be affectionately remembered to them all, and invoke upon their deliberations the blessing of the Infinite Father.

Twenty-five years ago this evening I was in a cell in the Leverett street jail in this city—a device of the city authorities to save my life against the murderous designs of an infuriated mob of (so called) "gentlemen of property and standing," on account of my anti-slavery principles. Previous to my imprisonment, I was in the hands of the rioters for a time, who tore the clothes from my body as they dragged me through the streets, and who made the most desperate efforts to take me where they could apply a coat of tar and feathers, and commit such other outrages as their ungovernable malignity might suggest. Rescued at last, by the mayor and his posse, it was deemed indispensable to my personal safety to commit me to prison! This was the only governmental protection that was vouchsafed to me. You remember all the circumstances of that memorable event, and I need not repeat them. Nearly all the prominent actors therein have been called to their final account, but the sacred and glorious cause which they madly attempted to overthrow is now shaping the destiny of the nation.

So far as the North is concerned, a marvellous change for the better has taken place in public sentiment in relation to the anti-slavery movement. The struggle for the freedom of speech and of the press has everywhere been fought, and the victory won. A general enlightenment has taken place upon the subject of slavery. The opinions of a vast multitude have been essentially changed, and secured to the side of freedom. The conflict between free institutions and slave institutions is seen and acknowledged to be irrepressible—not of man's devising, but of God's ordering—and it is deepening in intensity daily, in spite of every effort of political cunning and religious sorcery to effect a reconciliation. The pending Presidential election witnesses a marked division between the political forces of the North and of the South; and though it relates, ostensibly, solely to the question of the further extension of slavery, it really signifies a much deeper sentiment in the breasts of the people of the North, which, in process of time, must ripen into more decisive action.

So far as the South is concerned, she has apparently waxed worse and worse—grown more and more desperate—revealed more and more of savage brutality and fiendish malignity, until her crimes and atrocities, not only as perpetrated upon her dehumanized slaves, but as inflicted upon Northern citizens and strangers within her limits, have become too numerous for record, and almost too horrible for belief.

But all this is the sign that the end is rapidly approaching. Peaceably, or by a bloody process, the oppressed will eventually obtain their freedom, and nothing can prevent it. Trusting that it may be achieved without the shedding of blood, I remain,

Yours, for liberty and equality for all mankind,

J. Miller McKim. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. McKim then read the Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

ANNUAL REPORT.

It again becomes the duty of this Committee to take their annual retrospect, and report to the Society from which they hold their appointment the result of their observations.

The past year has been distinguished by an event without a parallel in the history of our enterprise. The attempt of John Brown, by force and arms, to precipitate emancipation in Virginia, whether regarded as the result of previous causes, or the cause of future results, is a fact of extraordinary importance. Its bearings on the anti-slavery movement in general, and its connection with the enterprise in this State in particular, alike assign it the chief place in the range of these observations.

The connection of Capt. Brown's undertaking with the State of Pennsylvania, both in its early stages and in the sad scenes with which it terminated, is, in some respects, closer than with any other of the free States. It was here, in a town on our Southern borders, that his men made their first rendezvous, and through which they received their supplies. It was through Pennsylvania, and by the generous aid of Pennsylvanians, that some of the party, after the failure of his scheme, succeeded in making their escape. It was in Pennsylvania and by the perfidy of other Pennsylvanians that two of his followers were captured, and, by Executive interposition, handed over to Virginia to suffer a felon's penalty. Facts like these give the event a special claim on the notice of a *Pennsylvania* Anti-Slavery Society.

A detailed account of the occurrences at Harper's Ferry forms no part of our present purpose. All we intend, in this regard, is a glance at the salient features and well-established facts of that extraordinary incident, and a deduction therefrom of such lessons of practical value as seem distinctly to be taught.

John Brown, of whom, till lately, but little was known by the public, was an Abolitionist from his youth up. A man of vigorous mind, generous heart, iron will, tender conscience, and strong religious faith, he held himself consecrated to God for the deliverance of the blacks, and humbly believed that he was a chosen instrument for that end. He belonged to no particular school of recognized Abolitionists. His ingenuous soul revolted from the devious ways of compromising politics, and his impatient nature could not brook the slower, and, to him, unpromising, movements of moral suasion. He was willing that those who believed in the efficacy of political appliances should follow their faith, while he admired the character, and, with certain limitations, accepted the doctrines of such as trusted to moral power; but his own deep conviction was, that the last appeal must be made to the sword, and that his especial mission was to wield that instrument.

John Brown held and taught that slaveholders, as such, were necessarily cowards; that a slight force was sufficient to intimidate them; that they held their slaves by a tenure more feeble than was generally imagined; that they were at the mercy of the Abolitionists, if the latter, even in small numbers, should choose to exercise their power; and that if arms were put into the hands of the slaves, they would seize the opportunity to go out into freedom in large numbers. All this he offered—and, being furnished with aid—undertook to demonstrate.

Locating himself on the left bank of the Potomac, near the National Armory, and concentrating there, through the town of Chambersburg, his little force and large supplies, he attacked, and took possession of, the town of Harper's Ferry, holding it, and its 2,500 inhabitants, for the space of 36 hours. For nearly half that time the panic-stricken people were incapable of resistance, and Capt. Brown, with all his followers, could have passed out without successful hindrance, taking with them as many slaves as might have chosen to accompany them. But, for reasons doubtless satisfactory to himself at the time, he did not do so. He allowed information to be spread of his movements, and himself and his companions to be hemmed in and captured. Of his party, twenty-two in number (excluding two or three not in actual service), ten were slain, seven taken prisoners, and five made their escape. Of the latter, two were captured in Pennsylvania; one in Carlisle, by the Sheriff of the County, and the other in Chambersburg, by two private citizens, by name respectively, Daniel Logans and Clagget D. Fitzhugh—the inducement in each case being a reward of $500, offered by the Governor of Virginia.

The leading features of the conflict at Harper's Ferry and the developments that followed will be fresh in every one's memory, or will need only a word of allusion to recall them in all their vividness. Grouped in the order of their occurrence, they may be thus enumerated:

The fright of the inhabitants when they found themselves captured, and their exaggerated estimate of the assailant's force; their craven poltroonery and helpless dependence on the hired troops of the Federal Government for deliverance from the little band whom they were afraid to attack; their savage ruthlessness when danger was over and they had their antagonists at their mercy; their brutal conduct toward the dead and dying; their unfeeling treatment of their wounded prisoners; the interview between Capt. Brown on his pallet, and the Honorables Mason and Vallandigham; the inquisitorial interrogatories of the latter, and the answers of their high-souled prisoner; the increased and still increasing panic of the people; the dismay of the slaveholders throughout the State, and the alarm of the entire South; the concentration at and near the scene of conflict of large military forces by the State and Federal Governments; the trial of Capt. Brown at Charlestown, and the summary character of that procedure; the dignified bearing and lofty courage of the prisoner; his sentence, and his memorable speech in reply; the trial and conviction of the other prisoners; their equally brave and manly bearing; the fidelity and unlooked for impartiality with which all the facts were reported to the newspaper press, and the excitement produced by their publication; the extensive and deeply-felt sympathy in behalf of the doomed ones, and the bold expression of that feeling; the reign of terror at the South; the slaveholders' fear of invasion; their persecutions of innocent but suspected Northern citizens; the reaction of this upon the Northern States, intensifying the excitement; the request of Mrs. Brown to Gov. Wise for the body of her husband "when all should be over," and the Governor's reply; Mrs. Brown's visit to Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, and her last interview with her husband; the execution, with its attendant incidents; the sublime bearing of Capt. Brown and his serene composure; his indignant rejection of spiritual offices at the hands of pro-slavery priests; his calm religious faith; his triumphal march from the prison to the scaffold; the incidents on the way; his stooping in the corridor to kiss and bless the black child in the arms of its mother; his buoyant step as he ascended the fatal ladder; his patient endurance of the cruel delays of his executioners; his last words; his exit; the grandeur of the whole scene, and its effect upon the beholders; the surrender of the body to the grief-stricken but brave-souled widow; its transportation to its last resting-place; the sympathetic excitement produced on the way; the execution of the other prisoners; the insensibility of Virginia to all appeals in their behalf; the thirst of the slaveholders for their blood; the brave deportment of the men themselves, enhancing the effect of their leader's martyrdom; the continued excitement at the South, with the reactionary feeling at the North after the assembling of Congress; the diminished manifestations of sympathy everywhere, and the corresponding political commotion; the transfer of the whole subject to the political arena, and the use made of it there for party purposes; the Investigating Committee appointed by the United States Senate; the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt for alleged contempt, and the arrest and subsequent discharge, by a Massachusetts Court, of Mr. F. B. Sanborn; the ravings of the Satanic press; the use made of the occurrence to elect a pro-slavery Speaker in the House of Representatives, and its signal failure; the use made of it in the city of Philadelphia to *suppress freedom of speech*, and its equally signal failure; the purpose to which it was put by our Market street merchants and medical school speculators, in their desire to propitiate the South, and turn away patronage from their rivals; the hue and cry raised with it for a pretext against all imagined forms of abolition, and the extraordinary impetus everywhere given to anti-slavery discussion and agitation. These, omitting others of scarcely less striking import, constitute the leading features of what, in general terms, we call the Harper's Ferry transaction, and it is to these facts that we are to turn to-day for the practical lessons suitable to an occasion like the present.

And what are some of these lessons? What is the significance of the whole transaction? In what light should it be regarded, and in what esteem should we hold its authors? These are questions which open a wide field of inquiry, but they may be answered by a few general statements that will meet the purpose of our present investigation.

1. The occurrence at Harper's Ferry was the natural, though not the legitimate, result of the anti-slavery movement. Abolitionists have ever taught that slavery is a sin against God and a violation of the rights of man, and that it ought, therefore, to be abolished. They have also taught that it is the duty of every honest man and professing Christian to do all in his power, by rightful means, to liberate the slaves and overthrow the system. A resort to force has not been included in their idea of rightful means. In regard to the nature of slavery, multitudes have received the *doctrines* of Abolitionists, and shared with them in the feelings thereby inspired, who have not accepted their views as to the *measures* proper to effect its overthrow. On this point there is a wide diversity of opinion. There are "Immediate Emancipationists," and "Gradual Emancipationists," "Moral Suasionists," and "Political Actionists," "Colonizationists," and "Compensationists," "Non-Extensionists," "Coercionists," and some few "Insurrectionists." All these denote a common opinion as to the nature of slavery, traceable more or less to the Abolitionists, and a corresponding difference as to the means of its removal. They are all the natural, though but a small part of them the legitimate, offspring of what is technically called the anti-slavery movement.

2. John Brown was a public benefactor, and a martyr to the cause of liberty. It is due to Truth and Justice that we should pay this tribute to his memory; and it is due to ourselves and the cause that we should discharge the obligation now, not waiting till a time when it can be done without cost, and when its payment will be of no practical value.

In this declaration we will not be understood, by people of discriminating minds, as expressing or implying any opinion as to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of using force in this or any other contingency. There are those amongst us who believe that no possible circumstances can justify an appeal to the sword; and we all hold to our original declaration that "Our principles lead us to reject the use of all carnal weapons for the deliverance of the slave, relying solely upon those which are spiritual and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"; and that "our measures are such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, and the destruction of error by the potency of truth." These are the sentiments of this Committee and of the Society which it represents. Nevertheless, on the abstract questions here involved there is a margin for great difference of opinion; and for us to withhold commendation, otherwise due, for want of agreement with our particular views on these points, would be to evince a bigotry or time-serving timidity, at variance with the spirit of genuine abolitionism. John Brown is to be measured by the same rule by which we determine the character of other heroes. If, thus tested, he stands justified and honored, let no one withhold from him his due meed of praise.

We have called John Brown a benefactor and a martyr; and a reference to facts will show that we have not done so lightly. By his demonstration at Harper's Ferry he exposed, as had never been done before, the weakness of the slaveholders. He paralyzed them with fear. He revealed their feebleness as against their own bondmen, should the latter rise for their rights; and their impotence, as against the North, if the people of the free States should demand abolition. By these revelations he inspired the slaves with new hope, and delivered the Northern States from a craven fear. He reduced the conceit of the slaveholders, and abridged the boasts of Southern fire-eaters. He inspired the North with the self-respect which comes from conscious power, and thus he gave new vigor to the cause of freedom.

But it is to John Brown's character as a moral hero, and as a witness to the Truth, that we are to look for justification of the high character we have here assigned him.

In his answers to his enemies, as he lay on his bloody pallet, he bore a faithful testimony, and in his trial before the Court he witnessed a good confession. In his demeanor while in prison he was a model of patient suffering, and by the simple eloquence of his letters he touched the hearts of many thousands. From his cell to the scaffold he moved as one in triumph; and the firm tread with which he stepped into eternity marked the exit of a martyr. His sayings, his doings, his writings, have been published to the world; and the good they have done, and are destined still to accomplish, distinguish him as a public benefactor.

While we pay this tribute of justice to the memory of John Brown, we would not forget what is due to his noble followers. To each—in his measure—of these brave and generous men is due, and we would here award, the same meed of honor we have ascribed to their leader.

We have thus, for the reasons stated, given the chief place in this review to the event of Harper's Ferry. It has been *the* event of the year; giving rise or shape to all others that have followed it. The great meetings which have been held in this and other cities; the vast crowds in Philadelphia that listened to Joshua R. Giddings as he explained and excused the action at Harper's Ferry; and the still greater crowds that hung on the lips of Wendell Phillips as he commended to their not unwilling ears the most radical doctrines of abolitionism; the meetings of sympathy called on the day of execution, and the proceedings thereat, never to be forgotten by those who shared in them; the mobs excited to suppress free discussion, the pretext being the danger of the Union; the attempt made, on the same pretext, by force and fraud, to put down the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and the glorious triumph over both of the spirit of freedom; the Union meetings, presided over and addressed by the Joseph R. Ingersolls, the Charles J. Ingersolls, the Josiah Randalls, and others of the same class, and the disorganizing sentiments uttered on these occasions; the exodus, with a grand flourish, of a body of Southern medical students, not forgetting the sensible relief occasioned by their departure; the sudden celebrity given to Helper's book, and the extraordinary impetus imparted to its circulation; these things all legitimately connect themselves, as effect to cause, with the attempt made by John Brown on the State of Virginia.

Indeed, the only incident that has occurred, worthy of note, not in its nature belonging to this transaction, was one which, nevertheless, in some of its aspects, was visibly affected by it. We allude to the trial and rendition of an alleged fugitive under the Congressional Slave law of 1850. After the defeat of the pro-slavery merchants and politicians in the case of Daniel Webster, we expressed the fear that these unscrupulous votaries would not rest without another offering to their deity.

In the month of March, about one year after the case of Daniel Webster, a man was arrested near Harrisburg, and brought to Philadelphia for trial. He was taken before the Judge who had issued the writ for his apprehension, and whose friendliness to the slaveowner was a matter of notoriety. Able counsel defended him, but it was of no avail. His doom was fixed. Judge Cadwallader ordered his surrender, and Moses Honner was sent into hopeless slavery. The nature of the case and the character of the tribunal precluded all hope of a different result; but there was a disposition to acquiesce in the result, only to be accounted for by a reference to the state of feeling produced by the affair at Harper's Ferry. The reign of terror, which was then prevailing at the South, had extended to Philadelphia, and smitten with fear our Market street merchants. To save their trade, the baser sort of these clamored for the man's surrender, while the better class kept out of the way. Republican editors touched the subject daintily, and People's Party advocates ignored its existence. As a consequence, the traders in principle and dry goods had it all their own way; a case was made out for Philadelphia loyalty, and the South was assured, by a human offering, of our fidelity to our Federal obligations!

This fugitive slave trial was the occasion incidentally of another circumstance of sufficient meaning to make it worthy of a passing notice. An attempt was made, being the first overt act of the kind in the history of these cases in Philadelphia, to rescue the remanded victim. The effort failed of its purpose, but it developed a disposition, incipient in the community, and needing but little more to bring it into action, to cut the matter short with these slave-catchers, and put a summary end to their business.

The names of the parties were Jeremiah Buck, David Hall, Henry Noxon, Alfred M. Green, St. Clair Burleigh, Basil Hall, and Richard Williams. They were tried before Judge Cadwallader. It was in evidence that they acted on an impulse, and without premeditation. The highest testimony was borne to their respectability and general good character. This testimony was corroborated by the intelligence and manly deportment before the Court of the men themselves. A friendly feeling prevailed towards them in the community, and the Judge seemed to share in the general sentiment. They were convicted, and sentenced each to pay $25 fine, and undergo an imprisonment of 30 days. This, though a poor requital for their generous effort, was nevertheless a light penalty for what, in pro-slavery estimation, is so grave an offence.

We hazard no prophecy that this will be our last fugitive slave case. Admonished by the past, we are willing to let the future speak for itself. We have hopes in this respect, but no confidence. As long as the Fugitive Slave law stands, and Presidential candidates pledge themselves to its support, we must look for a recurrence of these atrocities.

But the signs of the times are nevertheless auspicious; and this brings us to the next and only remaining topic that awaits our consideration—the *political happenings of the year*. The first incident of this class was the reelection of Alexander Henry to the office of Mayor of Philadelphia. Mr. Henry had made himself obnoxious to the minions of slavery and the blatant traducers of John Brown and Helper's "Crisis," by the impartial administration of the duties of his office. He refused to suppress free speech at the demand of Union-saving alarmists, and he protected peaceable meetings at the alleged risk of driving away trade from the city. For this he was denounced, and charged with contravening the wishes of his constituents. The question was taken on this allegation by renominating him for office, and the result was a triumphant vindication of his official course, and an emphatic asseveration by the people of the right of free speech to its fullest extent. This circumstance was exceedingly gratifying to the friends of freedom, and forms one of the most pleasing features of the year's record.

The next occurrence of this kind claiming attention is the important State election which has just transpired. Here, again, slavery was the main issue; the question not being, of course, its Existence or Non-existence, but its Restriction within its present bounds or its Extension into new Territories. The advocates of restriction, including all shades of political anti-slavery sentiment, had for their candidate, Andrew G. Curtin, of Centre County, whose election it was claimed would be an expression of the State in favor of an anti-slavery policy as above defined, and of a candidate in the pending Presidential contest, pledged to carry that policy into execution. Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland County, was the candidate of the opposite party; it being understood that his election would inure to the benefit of the slaveholders, and of all classes favorable to the continued ascendancy of Southern ideas. Mr. Foster was defeated, the majority of his competitor, the so-considered anti-slavery candidate, being upwards of 30,000.

In the contest for Congressmen the result was a triumph on the same side equally decisive. In Philadelphia, the pro-slavery stronghold of the State, all the five Districts have chosen men to represent them who stand pledged to resist the aggressions of slavery, and to favor by their official course the prevalence of free institutions.

These facts tell their own story. They are pointers on the face of the dial, denoting the progress of our great revolution. They assure us by their steady onward movement that the circle will soon be completed, when the hour shall strike for emancipation.

The third and last event to be noted is one which has not yet transpired, but the occurrence of which is so confidently anticipated by all classes as to justify its treatment on this occasion as a fact accomplished. We allude to the probable election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

The position of this Committee on the question of supporting candidates for office is not a doubtful one. Their views of the Constitution and its requirements have often been expressed, and have undergone no change. Regarding that instrument as a league with oppression, iniquitous in its nature, and in its results disastrous, they cannot by word or act become parties to its obligations. Intending, as often as occasion may require, to aid the fugitive in his escape from slavery, they cannot, expressly or by implication, agree to send him back to his master. Sympathizing with all men everywhere who spurn the yoke, and rise for the recovery of their liberty, they cannot stand pledged, in the intent and meaning of the phrase, to "suppress domestic insurrection." Objecting to all unequal distribution of political rights, they cannot be understood as agreeing to an arrangement by which, in the most important features of the government, one class of citizens have "three-fifths" more of privilege than any other; especially when that class are the owners of slaves who use their extra power for the perpetuation of their system. As a matter of conscience, therefore, of personal honor, and of self-respect, the members of this Committee, and those whom they represent, cannot by overt act or implied admission, come under obligation of support to the Constitution. Neither can they take any active part in the politics of the day, or be numbered among the recognized supporters of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. Holding as they do that the Federal compact is an infamous bargain, binding the free States to the support of slavery, the only duty they recognize in regard to it is that of laboring for its annulment. They cannot vote or otherwise take an active part in politics until that compact is either dissolved, or so construed, by authority recognized to be competent, as will give their suffrage, in the eyes of the world, the unambiguous meaning of a vote against slavery.

But, these considerations apart, there are other arguments of great weight against supporting for President the Republican candidate in the pending canvass. His past course in the matter of a Fugitive Slave law; his present readiness to return the escaping bondman; his avowed willingness to discriminate against the black man in the award of political rights; and his declared hostility, except in a contingency not probable, to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—are facts, which, in the estimation of discriminating minds, disqualify him for the votes of uncompromising Abolitionists.

But, having said this, it is due to truth and candor to admit that, as between him and his opponents, and on the issues involved in the present contest, the election of Abraham Lincoln will be a great and encouraging triumph. It will mark a hopeful epoch in the progress of our cause. It will show that amid all the corruption and demoralization that have prevailed, the nation is not totally depraved; that the predominating feeling of the country is in favor of liberty, assuring us, at the same time, that this feeling will in due season ripen into a conviction that will brook no further compromises with slavery. Regarding the matter in this light, we shall hail the election, should it take place, of Abraham Lincoln, as a most gratifying occurrence.

From the *administration* of Mr. Lincoln, as distinguished from his *election*, we are warranted in entertaining no confident hopes. His election, as the act of the people, so intended, will be a demonstration in favor of liberty; his administration, as the action of an individual, so constrained by the oath of office and surrounding circumstances, must be a continual support of slavery. Let not, therefore, any satisfaction here expressed be understood as based on expectations of *what will be done* by the incoming national administration.

We have left ourselves little space for an account of the sayings and doings of this Society during the past year; nor—as details are unnecessary—is much required. Except in the increased sales of the anti-slavery depository, owing to the demands for the "Impending Crisis," the history of the year past differs in no essential respect from that which preceded it. Meetings, lectures, conventions; the Bazaar; the distribution of books and pamphlets; the circulation of newspapers, and of petitions for signatures; have constituted the sum and show the character of our operations. That they have had their usual extent will be seen by a reference to the Treasurer's Report, which will be herewith presented.

On the whole, the year has been a hopeful and a fruitful one. The ameliorated tone of public feeling is a matter of common remark. Bewildered politicians begin to see light ahead, and, further-seeing statesmen are predicting a favorable solution to all our difficulties. Political discussion has assumed a higher and wider range, and electioneering devices have lost much of their former offensiveness. Altogether, the prevailing sentiment of the State and of the country generally, has undergone a palpable and hopeful change. And this is the substance of our present report. We are happy in being able to render so favorable an account. The effect of it should not be to lull us into complacent repose, but to stimulate us to renewed exertions; so that, at the end of the year to come, the report then to be rendered shall be still more satisfactory. Confidently hoping that this may prove to be the case, we submit this, our annual statement, and with the expiration of our term of office, resign to the Society the trust confided to us.

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

J. M. McKim, Cor. Sec'y.

Sarah Pugh, Treasurer of the Society, presented the following Report:

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in account with Sarah Pugh, *Treasurer.*

Oct. 1st, 1860. Dr.	
To Agents	$1,555.00
To Books	953.94
To American Society for Anti-Slavery Standard	1,180.50
To Legal Expenses	231.22
To Lecture	34.50
To Rent of Office	200.00
To Rent of Rooms for Meetings	80.00
To Sundries	421.10
To Balance	45.00
	$4,741.26

Oct. 1st, 1860. Cr.	
By Clarkson A.-S. Society	$33.00
By Philadelphia Female A.-S. Society	700.00
By Individual Subscriptions	1,354.70
By Lecture	73.00
By Legal Expenses	153.50
By Publishing Agent	1,338.50
By Sales	1,086.56
	$4,741.26

Reuben Tomlinson, Auditor.

Oliver Johnson—I would be doing injustice to my feelings, were I to withhold an expression of my strong approbation of that Report. It is a clear statement of all matters upon which it treats, and done in a style befitting the advanced and dignified position occupied by this Society. I am glad to have our attitude so distinctly defined. We are a puzzle, and especially to some of our Republican friends lately born into the cause. They cannot reconcile our not voting with our acknowledged good sense and anti-slavery efficiency in other respects. They don't see that this political movement had a moral origin, and that it owes its present power to moral forces such as we use as our sole reliance; that it is traceable back to the solitary Printer in a Boston garret, and that it is what it is because of the anti-slavery movement. "Sir," said I to a Republican the other night, as we stood in Broadway, looking at the great Wide Awake procession, "do you know that William Lloyd Garrison lighted all these torches?" "Yes," said he, with candor, "I do." What I mean to say by this is, that the Republican party is indebted for its existence, and indirectly for its present prospect of triumph, to the previous existence of the much-maligned American Anti-Slavery Society. If we criticize the Republican party, we have a right to do so; for is it not, in a sense, our offspring—the growth of our loins? And have we not, therefore, a right to take it across our knee?

Sir, I shall hail with joy the election of Abraham Lincoln, because that event, should it take place, will denote the downfall of the Democratic party, the great and hitherto all powerful foe of the anti-slavery cause. New combinations will doubtless be formed, but none, I think, on a lower basis than that now occupied by the Republicans. The non-extension battle has been fought and won. Abraham Lincoln will have been elected on that issue, and, while I don't expect much from him, I believe he will at least go so far as honestly to seek the prohibition of slavery from new territories. But the Republican party is made up of two wings, the conservatives and the progressives; these will, by and by, form two new parties; the latter going ahead and demanding that ground be taken much higher than that now occupied by the former.

But some one will ask what *right* I have to rejoice with the Republican party when I refuse to join it. Let us see. I rejoice with the Church of the Puritans and the friends of Dr. Cheever at the prospect of their triumph over the malice of their enemies. I wish them God-speed. I shall be delighted in their final success. But am I bound, therefore, as a matter of consistency, to join them? To join Dr. Cheever's Church I must comply with certain conditions. I must assent to a theological creed which is repugnant to my convictions, and this I cannot do with a good conscience. So, also, with the political Church; there are conditions there also with which my conscience forbids compliance. I cannot assent to the "compromises" of the Constitution; and, therefore, I cannot join the Republican party. But I will rejoice, nevertheless, in all it can accomplish, and especially in its triumph over its and our enemy, the pro-slavery Democratic party; just as I do in the good of Dr. Cheever, and in the pending triumph of his Church over its pro-slavery enemies. I don't want Abolitionists to go the ballot-box. Let the dead bury their dead. There is another and a better way. But if people will vote, then let them, as far as they may, vote on the side of freedom and against slavery; and in their doing so I shall ever rejoice.

Mary Grew thought Mr. Johnson had given Abraham Lincoln credit for more "honesty" than was warranted by the record. She read an extract from The National Anti-Slavery Standard, containing an answer given by Mr. Lincoln at Freeport, to a question which had been put to him by Stephen A. Douglas; which answer she (Miss Grew) thought inconsistent with the word "honest" in any proper sense of that word, as applied to an alleged purpose of Mr. Lincoln to resist the extension of slavery into new Territories. Republicans might choose to call their candidate "honest Old Abe," but the honesty that dictated that answer was hardly the quality to warrant much expectation on the part of Abolitionists.

Mr. Johnson replied, showing that there was no discrepancy between his language, rightly understood, and Mr. Lincoln's record. He had condemned that answer, and Mr. Lincoln, too, for not going farther; but he would give him credit for going as far as he did in what he said; and he would now give him credit for an honest intention to keep to his word.

Chandler Darlington said the subject now properly under consideration was the Annual Report of the Executive Committee. It was for the Society to take action upon it. He moved that the Report be accepted and printed. In so saying he meant no expression of opinion as to some of its doctrines, for there were points in the document in which he did not agree.

E. M. Davis thought the Society should not only accept but adopt the Report. He was not sure that he assented to every single position taken in the document, but he heartily approved it as a whole.

Mahlon B. Linton thought the Report should be adopted. He considered acceptance, in this case, and adoption, essentially the same. He believed that either would commit us to the doctrines of the Report, and he, for one, was willing to be so committed.

Chandler Darlington said, in his judgment, there was a wide difference between accepting and adopting a paper of this kind. The Report was the account rendered by the Executive Committee of their stewardship, with such comments and reflections as they had chosen to add. They, not the Society, were responsible for the contents of the paper. All we had to do was to accept and publish it as the Report of the Committee.

Thomas Garrett, Oliver Johnson, J. M. McKim and others expressed sentiments similar in substance to those of Chandler Darlington, and the Report was accepted and ordered to be published.

Mary Grew, on behalf of the Business Committee, read a series of resolutions, which, including the two already given, were as follows:

3. Resolved, That as long as the fugitive bondman may be recaptured and re-enslaved on Pennsylvania soil, Pennsylvania cannot be called a free State; and that, for the honor of our Commonwealth, for the sake of justice to the slave, for the love of the absolute Right, we will earnestly strive to obtain from our Legislature the enactment of a law which shall protect the personal liberty of every human being on its soil, when that liberty has not been forfeited by crime.

4. Resolved, That one of the most important signs of the times which the last year has developed, is the sympathy with John Brown, which has extensively pervaded the North, and found expression in the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press; indicating that, whatever theories men may hold respecting State rights and constitutional obligations, there lives and burns in the Northern heart a genuine admiration of heroism, and a genuine sympathy with the victims of oppression.

5. Resolved, That while we hail, as a token of greatly

Improved public sentiment, the existence of the Republican party of the United States, and while we rejoice to see men coming up into it from the other political parties, we protest against the inconsistency of Abolitionists giving it their support; first, because such support involves a pledge to return the fugitive slave, and, second, because the Presidential candidate of the party is heartily opposed to the political enfranchisement of colored men, is in favor of a fugitive slave statute, and though he has "very distinctly made up" his mind "that Congress possesses the constitutional power to abolish" slavery in the District of Columbia, yet is not in favor of such abolition, excepting with the consent of a large number of the slaveholders of the District.

6. Resolved, That the experience of a quarter of a century of anti-slavery labor has confirmed our faith in the principles on which our enterprise is founded, in the wisdom of the measures by which we have sought its accomplishment, and in the certainty of its final triumph; and that, thus confirmed and strengthened, we commence the labors of another year in abounding hope that, at its close, we shall rejoice in its success, as we rejoice to-day over the results of the past.

7. Resolved, That in the death of Theodore Parker, the American slaves have lost a faithful friend, and the Abolitionists a valuable coadjutor, whose great intellect, and large heart, and tireless energies, were devoted to the cause of philanthropy, and were ever most promptly given in the service of those who, by reason of their suffering or their wrongs, most needed sympathy, protection or championship.

Chandler Darlington objected to Resolution No. 5. To vote for it would be to condemn himself. He meant to vote; and he meant to vote with the Republican party, for Abraham Lincoln, and he believed he could do so without inconsistency. Whether he could or not, depended on the construction we put upon the Constitution of the United States. The popular construction made it a pro-slavery instrument. He did not so regard it. It was susceptible of and had received various constructions. Under a pro-slavery government, such as this had been from its foundation, the Constitution had become, by interpretation, more and more pro-slavery. With a pro-slavery Supreme Court one concession to the South after another had been made, from the beginning to the Prigg case, and from the Prigg case to the Dred Scott case, till now a warrant was claimed from it for slavery, such as the men who made it never dreamed of. The Constitution is what its words by a fair interpretation make it to be. It is as justly susceptible of an anti-slavery as of a pro-slavery construction. Mr. Darlington took up the "compromises," clause by clause, and by a series of arguments claimed that he had made out his case, and, therefore, he would vote for Abraham Lincoln and would not vote for that resolution.

Oliver Johnson—Waiving reply for the present to Mr. Darlington's argument, the gentleman has not yet escaped from his difficulty. Admitting that his interpretation is right, it is one which Mr. Lincoln does not accept. He takes the Constitution in its historical and commonly received meaning. He understands it to make certain concessions to slavery in the matter of fugitives—of "insurrection"—of the "three-fifths" representation; and, so understanding it, he swears to support and execute it. Now, of what avail to Mr. Darlington, in this dilemma, is his own private interpretation?

H. P. Crozier supported Mr. Darlington's views of the Constitution by a reference to the case of England. Slaves had been held there, by an undisputed title under the British Constitution, till the decision of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case proved the whole thing a mere figment, and gave liberty to every bondman then in or afterwards to be brought to that country.

Mr. Johnson replied that the cases were not analogous. The British had no written Constitution. Ours was a written compact. Besides, the Somerset decision was more than a decision; it was a revolution.

Thursday Evening.

H. P. Crozier—I have come here with reluctance. You will be expecting to hear this evening an abler man. I am glad to be with you. I honor the Abolitionists, and with no class of men have I ever taken sweeter counsel. The anti-slavery cause is the great instrumentality of this day for illustrating and carrying forward the doctrines of Christianity.

I was surprised to hear Mr. Johnson say that Garrison lighted all the Republican torches. The anti-slavery cause had an origin back of William Lloyd Garrison; though all honor to him as a noble pioneer and faithful champion of the cause. It had an origin back of William H. Seward, with his "irrepressible conflict." The conflict began before Mr. Garrison or Mr. Seward were born; it originated in the human heart; it was the eternal conflict between right and wrong. It was in the holy feelings of our moral nature that the anti-slavery movement had its first beginning. The Almighty kindled the flame. All honor to Mr. Garrison for what he has done; but the cause did not begin with him, and it can go on without his aid.

Mr. Chairman, the greatest test of anti-slavery character is found in our tolerance or intolerance of difference of opinion. I rejoice when I see a disposition to tolerate all varieties of opinion on this question. I am an Abolitionist. I am more than an Abolitionist; I am a Republican. I am a Political Abolitionist. Difference of opinion as to proper methods of abolition is owing to difference of temperaments and circumstances. There will always be vanguards and rearguards, pickets and sentinels. Let every man take his position in his proper place, and not stop to quarrel with his fellow-soldiers. There is a reign of terror at the South. Northern editors don't tell their readers all they know on this subject. A friend of mine, belonging to the largest clothing house of New York, said to me the other day—I give his name, Longstreet—said Mr. Longstreet, "$200,000 of our paper is now under protest at the South. The holders are unable to get it discounted. The people are waiting to see the result of the November election." Mr. Crozier spoke at length on the terror that he said was now prevailing at the South. He repeated his hope that there would be mutual toleration among Abolitionists, and concluded by saying that slaveholding, in its last analysis, was selfishness, and that selfishness was as rife and rampant at the North as at the South, and that the George Laws, and the Astors and Stewarts, and other millionaire capitalists, were as truly slaveholders as any that drove their victims on a Southern plantation.

Mary Grew said: This annual convocation is the Jerusalem of Pennsylvania Abolitionists, whither their tribes go up, from year to year, to take counsel of one another, to review the past, to look at the work which lies before them in the future. For twenty-four years they had done this, through evil report and good report; sometimes the hunted victims of mobs; sometimes the object of the denunciation of the pulpit and the sneers of the press. Once they came together under Judge Kane's sentence of treason. Who of them did not remember their annual meeting, after the Christiana tragedy, and while the Christiana treason trials were pending? How each Abolitionist felt that he must be in attendance there, at any sacrifice of convenience, lest, in that hour of peril, some other heart might fail, through weakness; and that, thus, the meeting was one of the largest that they had ever held. Who of them did not remember the solemnity in which they gathered, strong only in the consciousness that they were right; and who did not also remember how fire from God's altar descended and touched their souls? This year they came together, joyous, their mouths filled with thanksgiving for the success of their labors. How white were the fields unto the harvest! The seed sown in weakness, had been raised in power.

The period of apathy had passed. The nation was aroused, and was in a state of moral revolution. They no longer needed to implore and exhort men to think and talk of the subject of slavery. Every town and village from Maine to Texas was agitated with the discussion of it. It had become the one topic in every legislature and almost every ecclesiastical body in the land. The agitation was thorough. The giant of Liberty under our Etna is struggling to free himself with an energy which assures us that he will succeed.

The period of persecution of Abolitionists by Northern mobs had well-nigh passed. They no longer walked their streets by the light of burning temples of Freedom, but in the blaze of the torches of a jubilant and almost victorious political party which had inscribed on its banner, Resistance to the aggressions of the Slave Power. Thirty years of anti-slavery teaching had done this work. Reviewing those years to-day, they might well exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" "Not unto us, oh! Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory, for by thy hand and by thy power have these mighty works been done." Among the lessons to be learned from such a review were, faith in the power of truth to conquer falsehood and wrong, the importance of loyalty to one's highest ideal of absolute right. The experience of their thirty years' war against slavery taught Abolitionists that their vigilance could not be safely relaxed, nor their standard lowered. The speaker argued that the principles on which their enterprise was based could not be safely merged in those of a political party, nor could the hands which had borne its banners and wielded its weapons exchange them for the blood-stained ballot or sword. She appealed to Abolitionists not to pledge themselves, by voting, to the rendition of the fugitive slave; urged them to continually renewed zeal and industry; exhorted those who were standing idle spectators of the movement to share its duties and its glorious privileges; and, in conclusion, spoke, with confident faith of the certain triumph of the cause.

Anna E. Dickinson—We are told by some that we must support the Constitution, because it is the Constitution; and that we must support the law, because it is the law. But what is the Constitution of the country, and what is the law we are called to obey?

Eminent jurists have told us that there are certain great and inviolable principles common to all mankind. That these principles are the foundation of all law; that any statute of man's devising, any enactment of temporary and selfish expediency, that contravenes these foundation principles is, in its nature, null and void, and has no rightful claim on conscientious minds.

Now, what is the law of this country? It is the law of slavery. A law made to grind the face of God's poor; a law that tramples in the dust all the holiest feelings of our nature; a law that tramples on man's manhood, and makes mockery of woman's womanhood; a law which deserves only to be contemned and abhorred and trampled under foot of men.

And what is the Constitution? It is the fundamental law on which all the slave laws rest. It regards man as property, to be bought and sold, and whipped and bruised and killed all the day long, at the pleasure of those who usurp the title of his owners.

Dr. Stebbins, rising in the back of the hall, near the door, interrupted the speaker by saying, "Not at all; I differ with the lady. The Constitution does not recognize property in man. I differ entirely with the speaker" (stamping and applause around the door).

Mr. Crozier—So do I. I was told that there would be no discussion this evening, and that what was wanted was speakers on the general question. I therefore laid aside my notes, as it had been my intention to speak on the anti-slavery character of the Constitution; but now this subject is introduced I claim the privilege of replying, and mean to do so if it keeps me here till 12 o'clock to-night (applause near the door).

Miss Dickinson, resuming—I say that the Constitution does recognize property in man. Does it not require the fugitive from service and labor? And does not that mean the slave? And is not the slave a chattel, an article of property? Is he not held as such without any crime of his, without any compact made by him? He is not counted with men who break a law and are justly punished, or who consent to a law which they aid in making. He can make no compact; he has no rights, and dare complain of no wrongs. His tears are disregarded; his groans no one but the good God hears; and he lives and dies like the beasts of the field, with no man to care for his soul. The word "slave" may not be in your Constitution, but the spirit of slavery is in it, and it does regard human beings as chattel property (Dr. Stebbins: "No, it don't." Diminished applause).

Reuben Tomlinson said: In the midst of all the rejoicing indulged in by our friends over the political successes that have been achieved, and still more over those yet in anticipation, it is an ungracious and may seem to some a superfluous task, to question either the character of the party struggling for victory, or the value of the victory itself. It would be the very height of folly for us unnecessarily to depreciate the political struggle now going on, or the character of the men who stand as the representatives of what is called the political anti-slavery element of the country. But, on the other hand, it would be equally reprehensible to allow any consideration to keep us silent with regard to the shortcomings of the Republican party, or any other organization which, claiming to represent the anti-slavery feeling of the country, fails to afford means for its full expression. We are constantly charged by our Republican friends with misrepresenting them. The speaker thought that if there was one thing more than another that the Abolitionists were peculiar in, it was in allowing each and any party, whether on our platform or in our newspapers, to speak for itself. Abolitionists do not find fault with Republicans for what they do or promise to do, so much as for what they fail to do and promise not to do.

The speaker did not complain of men for voting who thought it right to do so, although he thought differently. He reserved to himself the right, however, to criticize their position, and to show them that, however much they may think they are doing the *practical* anti-slavery work, they are simply assisting to put men into office who, by the very necessity of their position, will be compelled to act directly contrary to what they assert to be their wishes and confident expectations. He compared the platform of the Republican party of to-day with that of the Free-soil party of former years, and asserted that while the party had gained in numbers, it was at least weakened, if not entirely inefficient, because of the increased spirit of compromise to be found in its ranks. The only vital questions incidental to slavery that a political party can reach—such as the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and of the inter-State slave trade, the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, and the extension of the right of suffrage to the free colored people—are just the questions which the party entirely ignores.

Mr. Crozier—I was once the preacher of Gerrit Smith; I was settled in Peterboro' for a year and a half. I think you will admit, therefore, that I must be "sound on the goose." Gerrit Smith would not vote for Martin Van Buren, because he (Martin) would not let his children go to school with black children. But Mr. Smith would not let his children go to school with white children. That is, Mr. Smith held such notions of the duties of Government in regard to education, that, to act consistently, in his judgment, he could not allow his children to go to the public schools supported by the State. What right had he to condemn Mr. Van Buren for following out his sentiments in this matter of his children and the schools, when he was following out his own convictions in regard to the same matter? He condemns Martin Van Buren, but what does Mr. Smith do? So these Abolitionists demand that we Republicans abolish slavery, and what do they do? People say the Constitution is pro-slavery, because slavery has lived and thrived under it. But, sir, anti-slavery is going to live and thrive under it. Can't we read and interpret the Constitution as well as Judge Taney? Why should we yield to this old man's dictum as to the intent and meaning of that instrument in regard to a system which his interests and prejudices and surroundings cause him, by a necessity of his nature, to support? I take the broad ground that the Constitution is a Chart of Freedom. This is the ground on which I stumped the State of New York for Fremont and the glorious Jesse, and my speeches during that canvass were neither few nor far between. Thomas Jefferson, one of the framers of the Constitution—did he mean that it should be the prop of slavery? Look at his Ordinance of 1787, look at his speeches and his writings. He did not seem to regard the Constitution in the light in which it is now read; and will any one say he was not a good anti-slavery man? (Mr. Mott—"Actions speak louder than words." Mr. Purvis—"He sold his own daughter.")

True, said Mr. Crozier, continuing; but did not Peter swear and deny his Master, and did he not afterwards repent? (A voice—"Yes, but what of that?")

Mr. Crozier then went into an argument to prove the anti-slavery character of the Constitution. The "Three-fifths" clause, rightly understood, gave no undue advantage to the slaveholder; on the contrary, when the instrument should be rightly interpreted it would prove, if anything, a concession to freedom. The "Fugitive" clause would be needed to recover fugitives from justice, and others properly amenable to arrest and rendition. The "Importation" clause was now of no effect. Slavery had been introduced by the British. They alone were responsible for its introduction; our responsibility went no further than our willing maintenance of the system. Let these Abolitionists show us a more excellent way; let them act as did that noble man and true-souled Christian minister, Theodore Parker. He added, he did not simply denounce a pro-slavery Church; he organized an anti-slavery one.

Mr. Purvis—Mr. Chairman, I must say a word. If any stranger had happened to come in and heard this discussion, he would have said, sure enough, this was a "free platform." I am astonished at the audacity of the gentleman from Long Island, in standing up here and claiming Thomas Jefferson to be an anti-slavery man. Sir, Thomas Jefferson was a slaveholder; and I hold all slaveholders to be tyrants and robbers. It is said that Thomas Jefferson sold his own daughter; this, if true, said Mr. Purvis, raising his voice and speaking in a manner highly impassioned, "proves him to have been a *scoundrel* as well as a tyrant!" (Sensation.)

As for the Republican party, Mr. Chairman, I have none but a friendly feeling toward it. I am grateful for anything it has done or sincerely promises to do for the cause; but there are leaders in that party whom I can only speak of to denounce. I mean your men who would use their coming power to banish and exile a helpless and powerless race. I know they talk of doing it only with our own consent; they would not force us by law. But, sir, what is the difference whether we are proscribed and hunted down and driven off by law or public sentiment? It is your Greeleys, your Doolittles, your Frank Blairs, that thus seek our banishment. Who is this Greeley, that would put a brand upon us because of our external configuration? What is his conformation? It is that of an Albino; and I assert that if looks and form are to be a test, then God has put a mark on Horace Greeley that is not to be disregarded in determining the place he should occupy.

Sir, for the Republicanism represented by such men—and I believe Dr. Stebbins is a Colonizationist (Dr. Stebbins—"I am")—I have no hope. Men that thus seek, whether by law or opinion, to grind in the dust a race already helpless and almost hopeless, lack the magnanimity of true friends of freedom.

Sir, I have listened with pain to remarks that have been made by gentlemen in eulogy of the Constitution. One gentleman argues in its defence the purity and philanthropy of its framers. Sir, I am free to confess that I have no veneration for the founders of this government. It tramples me and my whole race in the dust, declaring that a black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect. Such a government I pronounce to be a piratical, and not a republican, government. I do not share with others in their veneration for the "Father of our country." I hold all slaveholders, as such, to be robbers. General Washington was a slaveholder; General Washington, as President of the United States, signed the Fugitive Slave bill; General Washington tried, under that bill, after it had become a law, to recover from New Hampshire a poor woman, flying through perils and toils (thereby showing a truer courage than ever he did) that she might escape the yoke of slavery on his plantation (hisses near the door). Mr. Purvis then, reducing his voice, went on in a candid and less impassioned manner to make some further remarks on the Republican party. Adjourned.

Friday Morning.

The Society assembled, at 10 o'clock, Robert Purvis, Vice-President, in the Chair. After the minutes by the Secretary, Oliver Johnson introduced the subject of The Standard, and hoped that measures which were in contemplation for its enlarged circulation would secure the cooperation of Pennsylvania Abolitionists. The paper was conceded to be *the one* great instrumentality at present of the anti-slavery cause. Mrs. Chapman, whose executive efficiency was well known, had a plan to raise its circulation to 100,000. Her plan was something like that of *The Independent*; not imitating the example of that paper in contradictory and self-stultifying editorial or semi-editorial articles; one day blowing hot and another day blowing cold; but, like it, to have a large list of able contributors, including the first writers in the world, and thus making the paper not only the soundest and most reliable and comprehensive anti-slavery paper, but the most attractive and readable journal in all the other respects in which such a journal might be made to excel.

Mr. Johnson spoke with much gratification of the fact that the Junior Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia had subscribed for 300 copies of the paper, and that they had been circulating these for the last year with the happiest results through the State of Pennsylvania. He trusted others—societies and individuals—would follow this example.

Mrs. Mott would add her testimony to the value of The Standard and the importance of its circulation. She had a letter on the subject from Mrs. Chapman, parts of which, at her request, Miss Mary Grew read. The letter speaks of the high value of the paper, and the possibility and duty of raising it still higher. Mrs. Mott spoke of the importance of preserving and distributing an anti-slavery paper. It had been a principle with her not to destroy any of these precious leaves of the Tree of Truth. She had now a bundle of *Liberators*, and *Bugles*, and Standards with her for distribution, and she hoped people would come forward and help themselves. Mrs. Mott was glad to hear that Dr. Cheever and his friends were willing to come on our platform. She was glad of the cooperation of all new helpers, and especially of one so able as Dr. Cheever. But she did not think that his cooperation with us was going to exonerate us in future from the charge of being "Infidels"; and she was not concerned whether it did or not. We could afford to be called by that name or any other our enemies might devise, so long as in our lives and action, as individuals and as a Society, we brought forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Dr. Cheever would be called "Infidel" too; and we are infidel to the religion of a formal, pro-slavery, time-serving Church.

Oliver Johnson expressed his full agreement with Mrs. Mott, and said that what he meant by his allusion to Dr. Cheever in this connection was, that those who denounce us as infidels will not have the *apparent* evidence, with which they have heretofore fortified their slanders, especially on the other side of the Atlantic.

Edwin H. Coates was happy to be at this meeting. He had been in the practice of attending these annual gatherings for 21 years. It was ever one of his greatest pleasures. He hailed with satisfaction the accession to the platform of broad and catholic abolitionism, of one so eminent and gifted as Dr. Cheever. Dr. Cheever would find that he would not escape the mad-dog cry of infidelity. As for himself, Mr. Coates was willing to be called a heretic. He spoke of his experience in the village in which he lived in New Jersey, and gave numerous illustrations from what he had seen, and what he and others had done in different parts of that State. The aspects of the cause there were encouraging, and its progress cheering. He told of a mob they had had at one of his lectures, and how Truth came out triumphant. He spoke well of the Seventh Day Baptists; one of whom, Charles Henry Sheppard, a good man and true, had accompanied him to this meeting. This Society had taken high ground on the slavery question, and had spoken out in vindication of John Brown without fear or favor. Mr. Coates looked retrospectively to the time when he sat on his tailor's board in Philadelphia, when the anti-slavery movement was in its infancy, and compared it with what it is now in its giant might. The aspects of the cause are everywhere encouraging, at the South as well as at the North. He thanked God for the fright that prevailed at the South, and the wholesome panic of the slaveholders. It was right that tyrants should tremble. He hoped that things would go on thus till the whole nation felt the curse of slavery, and would rouse to measures for its abolition. Mr. Coates went into a strain of remark that gave his speech a somewhat discursive, but none the less comprehensive, character.

Robert Purvis had a word of apology to offer for something he had said the evening before. Not exactly apology, either. Mr. Chairman, I came to this meeting to keep as much as possible in the background; but I have not been allowed to do so. I know my vehemence when my feelings are touched, and I meant to speak guardedly. But, sir, it's no use; I can't be anything but Robert Purvis, and when I speak I must speak in my own vernacular. I did not mean to be offensive in my allusion to Dr. Stebbins, but I can't say I did not mean to be personal. As a Colonizationist, numbered with a class who would proscribe and expatriate me and all that are dear to me, I could not allude to him in other language than that I employed. Besides, sir, I have always noticed that Dr. Stebbins, when he comes to these meetings, always comes as an objector; that he never takes his place with others on or near the platform, but speaks from his place near the door, where he has his congenial friends to clap and applaud him.

As for the gentleman from Long Island, I would not treat him with any discourtesy; but when a man, professing to be an Abolitionist, has the—has the— Sir, I don't want to say *audacity*, but I can't think of any other word—to come here and hold up a slaveholder, of whom it is alleged that he sold his own daughter, as a good anti-slavery man, I forget all my resolutions to be silent, or to be guarded, and I speak with a vehemence which I afterwards regret.

Sir, I cannot, and I will not, bear in silence any reflections upon the Abolitionists. They are the benefactors of the race with which I and mine are identified. For the good they have done and are doing, and are destined still to accomplish, I owe them a debt I shall never be able to repay. When I cease to honor and defend these noble men and women who have made such sacrifices for a cause so dear to me, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand lose its cunning.

Chandler Darlington hoped that we would avoid personal controversy. He said yesterday that he would be glad if speakers would stick to the point and not tell us about their own experiences and what "I did." He now hoped we would avoid personalities in our further discussions.

Mr. McKim agreed with Mr. Darlington. He hoped that Mr. Crozier would understand that no personal discourtesy was intended by the freedom of our remarks; that as long as we were free to make our criticisms we welcomed him and all who differed from us to our platform.

Mr. Crozier had taken no offence. He was glad to see the sun shine out again after the fog of last night. He had left the hall the evening before while Mr. Purvis was speaking, but not, as Mr. Purvis said when he was retiring, because he "couldn't stand the fire," but because he was hoarse, was taking cold, and couldn't breathe freely, and wanted fresh air. He was always glad of discussion, and was not disposed to take offence. He did not like the course the discussion had taken. He preferred a calm discussion of the merits of the Constitution, and had prepared himself to speak on that subject; but on coming to the hall he was told that the speeches were to have a wider range and to be adapted to the popular ear, and that we were to have no controversy; so I laid aside my notes, and, unprepared, made a speech altogether unsatisfactory to myself. But after I had done, Mr. Tomlinson went into a controversial review of the Republican party, and Miss Dickinson asserted that the Constitution acknowledged the right of property in man. Sir, this did seem unjust, and I expressed myself accordingly with natural warmth. But the clouds are dispelled this morning, and I am pleased to share in the good feeling that prevails. Mr. Crozier then went into a strain of general observation, the temper of which was in keeping with the feelings here expressed, and the object of which was, the union of all earnest Abolitionists in the promotion of the common cause. Lucretia Mott and Theodore Parker, he said, were apostles of God. His Republicanism was an anti-slavery Republicanism. It was that of George W. Curtis. He did not believe that party was up to the mark; but his language to its members was, "Come up higher."

Eusebius Barnard—William Lloyd Garrison had said, "Down with the Constitution"; and so would he say, as it is *at present construed*. But he believed that it would bear a different and a better construction. Let it be interpreted with the rigid justice of Shylock's bond, not yielding a single "drop of blood." He did not like these flings at men who vote with the Republican party. That party was made up of heterogeneous materials, agreeing only on one point, the non-extension of slavery. That was the issue before the country. The opinion of the country upon it was asked, and the only way to take the question was by voting for or against Abraham Lincoln. He meant to vote for Lincoln. Not but that he would like a better man, or that he would not like to have the question relieved from some of its embarrassments; but as he could not, he would do the best he could and vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Dickinson, in a speech of which we have but few notes, and the heart-logic of which drew tears from many eyes, said: "Young girls! I stand here a young girl, pleading for other young girls, whose womanhood and purity are as dear to them as yours to you or mine to me. I ask you to think of these, without power of resistance, in the hands of the brutal slave-driver. Mothers! I appeal to you. You can enjoy the prattle of your little one as it plays on your knee. And if, perchance, the angel of death should summon it away, you can close its little eyes and fold its dimpled hands across its pulseless breast, and place it in the tomb that waits for it. Not so the slave mother. Her child is not hers. She may not enjoy it living, nor mourn for it as being dead. It is torn from her or she from it, and mother and child are separated, never to meet again. Young man! you who in the flush of newly reached manhood stepped forth with flushed hope and mien erect to cast your vote at the last election, to cast your suffrage for Andrew Curtin. Suppose that just as you were about to deposit your ballot, a stronger arm had seized yours, and, wrenching the bit of paper from you, had cast it for his opponent, Henry D. Foster—would you call that being represented? But that is the way in which, under this much-praised Constitution, the slaves at the South are represented."

E. M. Davis, on behalf of the Finance Committee, called attention to the subject of funds. He assented to all that had been said in favor of The Standard, and this was an argument in favor of the contribution of funds in amount sufficient for the exigencies of the cause. He would not overvalue money. If he had to choose between the two, he would rather have hearty good will and cooperation without money, than money without the good will. Much good can be done by a wise use of money. Charles Hovey has set a noble example in this respect. He left a liberal bequest to the treasury of the Anti-Slavery Society, and those tracts and pamphlets which Mr. McKim has placed on the table, are, for the most part, the result of his liberality. It is through the press we are to do our work. He had seen an anti-slavery man to-day who had never read Helper's book. He did not know there was such a person in these parts. One hundred thousand copies of that book had been circulated, and the good it had done and was doing yet, was beyond computation.

E. H. Coates added his testimony to the importance of circulating anti-slavery tracts. He had supplied himself from 107 North Fifth street, and had put a pamphlet in every house within eighteen miles of his place. He had thus kindled a light among the Jersey Pines that would only be extinguished with the extinction of slavery.

Friday Afternoon.

Chandler Darlington, from the Finance Committee, in answer to inquiries on that subject, stated that the money raised as yet was but about $290.

Mr. Crozier desired to contribute the $5 bill which he held in his hand to the Finance Committee as his donation to the cause.

J. M. McKim stated that he held in his hand a contribution of $10 to the funds of the cause which he did not feel at liberty to hand over to its destination without a word to the Society. It was from our beloved friend and faithful coadjutor, George Corson, of Montgomery County. He sent it as the last donation he should ever give, with his regrets that he could not enjoy the pleasure of being with us. "Our friend," said Mr. McKim, "is in the last stages of pulmonary consumption, and entertains no expectation of recovery. He fully believes—I was going to say fears, but that would not be the word, he has no fears—he fully believes that his end is near at hand, and he calmly awaits the event. It will be no grief to him, but to us and the cause it will be a severe bereavement; for a truer-hearted man and a more devoted friend of the slave is not to be found within the bounds of this Society."

Chandler Darlington hoped the resolutions would now be taken up seriatim and acted upon. He called for resolution No. 1, which, without debate, was adopted. Resolution No. 2 was then taken up.

J. W. Thorne wanted just one word about the Church. He considered that the body called the Church was dead and ought to be buried. It was mere effete matter. It could show no signs of life, except through galvanism. Dr. Cheever was in the Church, but he did not belong to it. He was a live man, but the Church was a dead body. It was corrupt in itself, and worthless for good in its inherent nature.

Mary Grew—The gentleman has no right to discuss the abstract merits of the Church. We have nothing to do with that question on this platform. It is its relations to slavery we are to consider.

Mr. Thorne—That is what I am going to do. The Church is a dead weight on the ear of freedom. The Churches in my neighborhood can't hear the groans of the slave; they have no pity for his distress. They say that all they have to do is to save souls and work for God. God has a great work to do, and they must help him. But God can get on without their help; and if they would look after the poor slave's body, they might feel less concern for his soul. Mr. Thorne was opposed to the Church; he was opposed to Christianity—

Oliver Johnson—I submit that the gentleman is out of order. Every man is entitled to his opinion on this and all other subjects, but this is not the place to air these opinions. The resolution referred to the Church in its attitude to the slavery question, and that is the only point of view in which it is in order here to regard it.

Mr. Thorne—That's just what I am going to do. And so, in spite of efforts to keep him to the resolution, Mr. Thorne persisted in giving some of his views on the Church abstractly, and on the Old and New Testament Scriptures, after which he said he would vote for the resolution, only regretting that it said so little.

Mr. Johnson thought that the last speaker had illustrated the freedom of our platform, and a little more. Mr. Johnson defined at length the privileges of the platform, showing what was excluded and what not, and urged the importance, in a body made up of such diversified opinions—from the most ultra orthodox to the most radical heretic—to avoid the discussion of questions having no necessary connection with the subject of slavery.

Mary Grew spoke in the same strain. She read again the resolution; pointed out what it embraced and what it did not, and asked for a vote upon it, which, after some remarks in its favor from Lucretia Mott, was taken and was unanimously affirmative.

Resolution No. 3 was then taken up and, without discussion, unanimously adopted. Resolution No. 4, relating to the feeling in regard to John Brown, was taken up.

Mr. McKim said that his views on the general subject of John Brown and the Harper's Ferry transaction were expressed at some length in the Annual Report. He said nobody but Non-Resistants had a right to condemn John. Those who lauded the heroes of our Revolution, and condemned the hero of Harper's Ferry, were condemned out of their own mouths. The doctrine of this country is, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." This is the foundation stone of this Republic. Washington and Jefferson acted on this doctrine, and we laud them to the skies. The Greeks and Poles acted on this doctrine, and we glorified them and sent them aid. Garibaldi, the Guerilla Chief, stirs up the down-trodden Italians to insurrection, and he is the greatest of living heroes.

But it is said, Washington and Jefferson, and the Greeks and the Poles, and Garibaldi, were themselves insurgents fighting against a yoke that pressed their own necks; not the abettors of rebellion against a people with whom they were on terms of political amity. Turn we, then, to Lafayette, and Kosciusko, and De Kalb and the brave Baron Steuben. Why is it that we build to their memory monuments more costly than those we rear to the memory of others who rendered equal service? It was because, not of their bravery, but of the disinterestedness of their bravery. It was because they risked their lives to save the liberties of a people to whom they were related by neither blood nor nationality.

But it is said that these brave foreigners found the Americans already in a state of rebellion, and therefore they are to be justified. If so, then John Brown is much more to be justified. For are rebels less such for being subdued rebels? Watched, guarded, kept down at the point of the bayonet? Nay, they were all the more rebels on that account. Jefferson has said: "one day of what the slave suffers is worse than ages of that which the heroes of the Revolution rose to resist." Was Captain Decatur less worthy of honor, because the men whom he rescued from the Algerines were slaves? But it is said that it is wicked to risk life when there is no reasonable hope of escape, and without a fair prospect of accomplishing the end to be attained. Let us see. Our object is not to exalt John Brown, but to hold the balance even between him and his enemies. Men *may* sometimes take their life in their hands, and expose themselves to danger without any reasonable hope of success. Else why do we cherish the memory of Thermopylae? Why reverence the Apostles and prophets—the confessors and martyrs? Why make the cross the most revered symbol of our religious faith? Why award double honor to the hero who falls while leading on a forlorn hope?

Admitting that the good to be accomplished should bear a fair proportion to the cost—but who can foresee results? Who tell the good that may be done by a brave and generous deed, performed in the eye of the world at a critical conjuncture?

E. M. Davis—Neither the ballot nor the sword can abolish slavery. If the North had the disposition and the power to throw an army between the slave and the slaveholder, with force sufficient to liberate the slave from the forcible possession of the master, the *spirit* of slavery, the *disposition* to hold men as property, would still remain, and with a return of power on the part of the slaveholders would again be exercised. We therefore repudiate the policy of *force*. The pen is mightier than the sword. Slavery is a disease of the head and heart, and you must appeal to them with arguments meet to reach them, to effect the object we have in view. John Brown did more after his capture for the abolition of slavery than before. One of the good things he accomplished was to expose to the timid North the weakness of the Slave Power. The crack of the slaveholder's whip has intimidated the North for two centuries. Many were made to believe that myriads stood behind it.

John Brown raised the curtain, revealing to the astonished multitudes the fact, well known to Abolitionists before, that the South was inherently weak and timid because of the oppression that it was practising.

Our philosophy is true, let us adhere to it. Mental conviction is the true basis for a permanent reform. The same philosophy teaches us that we should not buy the slaves. Slavery is a *crime*, and therefore cannot be bought and sold. Justice demands that when compensation is made, it should be to the slave who has toiled his life long without pay, and not to the slaveholder who has lived upon the toil of the slave. We must never yield the ground "that no man can rightfully hold property in man," and that where even one is enslaved, none can be free.

Lucretia Mott was glad that the resolution does not sanction the measures resorted to by John Brown, as in contradistinction to those approved by this Society, and by the American organization of which it is a part. Mrs. Mott read from the Declaration of Sentiments what she said were her views, and what were at the same time the authorized doctrines of this Society. "Our principles lead us to reject and to intreat the oppressed to reject all carnal weapons, relying solely on those which are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." We did not countenance force, and it did not become those—Friends and others—who go to the polls to elect a commander-in-chief of the army and navy, whose business it would be to use that army and navy, if needed, to keep the slaves of the South in their chains, and secure to the masters the undisturbed enjoyment of their system—it did not become such to find fault with us because we praise John Brown for his heroism. For it is not John Brown the soldier that we praise; it is John Brown the moral hero; John Brown the noble confessor and patient martyr whom we honor, and whom we think it proper to honor in this day when men are carried away by the corrupt and pro-slavery clamor against him. Our weapons were drawn only from the armory of Truth; they were those of faith and hope and love. They were those of moral indignation strongly expressed against wrong. Robert Purvis has said that I was "the most belligerent Non-Resistant he ever saw." I accept the character he gives me; and I glory in it. I have no idea, because I am a Non-Resistant, of submitting tamely to injustice inflicted either on me or on the slave. I will oppose it with all the moral powers with which I am endowed. I am no advocate of passivity. Quakerism, as I understand it, does not mean quietism. The early Friends were agitators; disturbers of the peace; and were more obnoxious in their day to charges which are now so freely made than we are. Mrs. Mott concluded by expressing her pleasure that the resolution committed the Society to nothing inconsistent with the high moral grounds it had ever occupied. O'Connell had said that no revolution was worth the cost of a single drop of human blood. John Brown had well illustrated in his own case the superiority of moral power to physical power; of the sword of the spirit to the sword of the flesh.

Edwin H. Coates approved the resolution. He admired John Brown as a great moral hero, and had not hesitated to express his opinions on all occasions.

Williams Thorne—Would go as far as the resolution, and much further. He admired John Brown as a martial as well as a moral hero. He was not a Non-Resistant. He believed that he had done infinitely more by his action against slavery than all the Anti-Slavery Societies would do by their talking.

Oliver Johnson advocated the resolution, expressing himself strongly and warmly in favor of John Brown, as a great and good man, and sublime moral hero. He (Mr. J.) was a Non-Resistant, but he would not require others to act on his principles, nor would he measure them by his views of duty.

Anna Dickinson objected to certain non-resistance sentiments which had been expressed. Liberty is dearer than life, and woman's purity dearer than either; and there were cases where nature cried out against a passive willingness to spare a villain's life.

Mrs. Mott, while fully appreciating the generous and maidenly feeling of the last speaker, regretted to hear from one so young even a hypothetical approval of resort to violence. She never liked to hear people say what they would do or what they would not do in certain cases. None of us can tell what we would do. Principles are not to be settled by imagining extreme and improbable cases. "He that taketh the sword shall fall by the sword;" and none are so safe from violence as those who use no violence.

Mary Grew would call attention to the words of the resolution. The discussion had taken a wide range, and embraced topics not strictly before the meeting. The resolution did not touch on the merits of John Brown's course, or the question of violence. She read the resolution, which—the question being put—was unanimously adopted.

Resolution No. 5 came next in order, and

Chandler Darlington renewed his opposition to its adoption. He repeated his belief that the Constitution was justly susceptible of an anti-slavery construction. The clause requiring the general government to suppress insurrection, applies to those only who aim to overthrow the State government, and does not apply to slaves who only resist the operation of an oppressive law, or the lawless power of the masters. The clause construed to require the return of fugitive slaves is wrong, if any reliance is to be placed in the Madison Papers, for they expressly declare that the word "servitude" was stricken out, and "service" inserted, because the former was understood to apply to slaves, while the latter expressed only the obligation of freemen. The foreign slave trade was a subject of mutual concession, in which the North did consent to its temporary toleration, while the South granted the power to suppress it, though at a distant period, which was virtually a yielding on the part of the South, as compared with all past time.

The "three-fifths" representation of the slaves is so plain a concession on the part of the South, that the only wonder to my mind is that the North ever doubted it or claimed it as a concession of its own.

Had the Constitution been justly construed, in accordance with the avowed objects for which it was made, slavery, if it would have had any existence at this day, would only have been a stale relict of the bygone monster of former times.

Mr. McKim had been interested in Mr. Darlington's argument, and acknowledged its ingenuity, though he thought its fallacy might be easily pointed out. But he would remind his friend that, even if he had proved his position, his case, as to this resolution, was not yet made out. The Constitution might be as anti-slavery in its nature as it was claimed to be, and yet, at the same time, it might be inconsistent for an Abolitionist to support the Republican party or vote for Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln holds, on the points in question, to the pro-slavery character of the Constitution.

Oliver Johnson further elaborated the view suggested by Mr. McKim, arguing that the natural, historical, and legally adjudicated interpretation of the Constitution warranted the popular understanding as to the pro-slavery character of the clauses under discussion.

Mary Grew followed Mr. Johnson on the same side, and Eusebius Barnard and Chandler Darlington rejoined, the latter moving that the resolution be laid on the table.

Caleb Jackson was opposed to the resolution and in favor of laying it on the table. It seemed to him an invidious test. The best feelings of his nature called upon him to vote. He supposed a case: If a man found himself on board of a pirate ship at a time when they were about to choose new officers—the choice being between the old captain and mate who gloated in human blood, and new officers who, though still pirates, true to the black flag, were humane, and would be less cruel in the pursuit of their bloody trade—and he were, by some accident, to have a vote—ought he not to vote, and ought he not to vote for the more humane captain and mate? (Voice—Yes, but the cases are not parallel.)

The vote was taken first on laying the resolution on the table, which was negatived; then on its passage, which was agreed to. Adjourned.

Friday Evening.

Chandler Darlington desired to say that though he meant to vote with the Republican party, he was often ashamed of it. Its standard was too low, and the morals of many of its leaders were not sufficiently high. He would go with it, hoping that it would grow better and take higher ground; if it did not, he should abandon it.

Mr. McKim then took the floor and spoke at length on the subject under consideration. He had no captious objections to make to the Republican party. He was willing to admit all that could be claimed for that party. Indeed, he was *glad* to do so. He grudged no praise that was justly due. The annual report had expressed satisfaction at the melioration which our American politics were obviously undergoing. Political discussion had taken a wider range, and electioneering devices had lost much of their vulgarity. Instead of petty partisan tracts and clap-trap songs, the party of the North now circulated duodecimo volumes, scattering them by the 100,000. The "Impending Crisis," a work of statistics and statesmanlike argument, was the chief instrumentality employed to give the Republican party its present chance of victory. The "Political Text Book," a volume of even greater size, was another of these instrumentalities. A book of "Debates," a voluminous octavo, embracing in the topics discussed the most important that at this time claim attention; speeches like that of Charles Sumner, entitled, the "Barbarism of Slavery"; the speeches of that wonderfully able man, Carl Schurz; the speeches of William H. Seward—delivered on his tour to Kansas—speeches which have given him a hold on the affections of the people, such as, while a candidate for the Presidency under temptations to temporize, he never did and never could enjoy. All this was to be set down to the credit of the party. It had done good and the speaker was grateful for it. It was inspiring fresh confidence in free institutions. It was reviving drooping faith in a democratic form of government. But while I concede this and am willing to concede anything more that may be justly claimed in favor of the Republican party, am I constructing an argument in favor of that party, as against the anti-slavery movement? By no means. What I have said, rightly understood, is an argument *for* our Anti-Slavery Society. In circulating these books they have been employing our measures. They have drawn their weapons from our armory. They have used our thunder. I am glad they have. I am glad that these politicians are learning what this Society learned long ago—that this is a war of ideas. That it is to be conducted by appeals to reason; and that the man who imprints most deeply on the public mind right ideas of freedom, is the most powerful and most practical foe of American slavery.

You say we do nothing. I say we do all that you are doing, rightfully, except one thing; and more—*you being the judges*. We write, and speak, and print, and act; and this we do from election day till election day. We don't drop our tools and stop our work, and, as after the Fremont election time, slink away, I was going to say. I mean nothing offensive. We don't suddenly stop and cease to be heard, till the approach of the next election. Your extremity is our opportunity. When you vacate the rostrum our speakers take your place—when your audiences withdraw from the Hall ours fill it up; and thus we do not annually, but perennially, not spasmodically but systematically. When news of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry comes we don't bate our breath and hide away and tremble for the fate of the party. We take the platform. We stand for justice to John Brown and his followers, and for the principles he and they died to maintain.

When a fugitive slave case occurs, we go into the court house, and we go into the newspapers, and we incur the trouble and the odium; and the cause is benefited; and your party, besides, gains votes in both cases. I say we do all that you do—*except one*; and more—that is, we don't vote, and why? I will not go into the argument, but content myself with saying, we can't do it in honor, in conscience or with self-respect. Accepting as we do the obvious and historical views of the obligations of the Federal compact, we cannot vote. It would, as we view it, be, in effect, swearing to do that which we fully purpose not to do, and would be exposing ourselves to the charge of breaking plighted faith. The Governor of Mississippi, in a message just published, says of the Northern Republicans and other anti-slavery politicians: "When the sparks cease to fly upwards, when the Camanches respect treaties, when the wolf fails to lap blood, then, and not till then, may we expect these Northern people to regard their sworn obligations." Sir, we would not expose ourselves to taunts like these, and, therefore, we cannot vote.

Mr. McKim said it was idle for these Republicans to get angry because we looked with apprehensions to Lincoln's administration. If you think Mr. Lincoln will not execute the slave law at the North, and conciliate the slaveholders at the South, you are very much mistaken. He will not be warm in his seat till he will be made to toe the mark. Forney's *Press* hopes, if elected, that "he will not allow himself to be swerved by anti-slavery leaders, but that he will respect even the prejudices of the Southern people, and *will take the first occasion to calm all fears by proclaiming himself their friend, and the protector of all their rights under the Constitution.*"

The North American says, in a leading editorial of Oct. 11th, "Pennsylvania holds her principles on this subject (slavery), which she will not surrender at any bidding, or under any threats. But she is as true to the South as she is faithful to herself, knowing that both enjoy common rights under the Constitution, and that the prosperity of each is dependent upon their protection and maintenance. She chooses to abolish slavery because it is her privilege and her conviction, but she concedes the same privilege and conviction to South Carolina as to the existence of slavery, and asserts *no right to interfere with* it in any shape or form or under any circumstances whatever. They have lived together in fraternity since the Constitution was formed, and fought for it in the Revolution. *We see no conflict between them*, except that difference of institutions created by an overruling Power, which is, doubtless, wisely ordered, and with which we are not disposed to interfere."

(A Voice—The editor of that paper is a candidate for the United States Senate, is he not?)

Mr. McKim continued to read:

"And *this is the doctrine of the party with which we act*, and, we assume to say, of the great mass of the Northern people, irrespective of party. Demagogues and politicians may represent differently, but they only reflect their own views and wishes. More than that; *it is the principle of the Chicago platform* in spirit and in letter, as it is of Mr. Lincoln, whose whole life is consistent with it in practice as well as in profession."

Mr. McKim said, that with such positive statements of a leading organ before us, we would be excused for indulging in no anti-slavery expectations from the administration of Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Stebbins rose to speak from the back part of the house, but at the request of the chairman he came forward and took the platform. He differed entirely from the view taken by the last speaker. He thought the laudation that had been bestowed on the anti-slavery movement had not been deserved, and that the good it had accomplished had been greatly exaggerated. Indeed, he believed that the Anti-Slavery Societies had been a dead weight on the cause from the beginning. It would be admitted that there was incomparably more abolition feeling just after the Revolution than ever there had been since. But this feeling gradually declined. There was the old Abolition Society of 1789, but under it the abolition feeling declined. It was not powerful enough to resist the admission of Missouri, and after that it declined still more, down to the admission of Texas, and the administration of Polk. In the meantime the American Anti-Slavery Society had been established. He was present at the formation of the Society. He might have had the "honor" of being handed down to posterity as one of the signers, if he had chosen; but he did not choose. There were too many New England ministers in the body and too much cant for him. But this Society, while it made a great noise, did nothing with any effect toward the object of its organization. The pro-slavery feeling of the country grew worse and stronger. The government was more pro-slavery than it had ever been before; the political parties were more subservient. People in the South began to advocate slavery on principle, and make new efforts to spread it. Then, we had the Fugitive Slave law, and, finally, the repeal of the Missouri compromise. The slaveholders were waxing worse and worse, while all the time the Anti-Slavery Society rested as a dead weight on the cause. It was to the Republican party that we were at this time to look for anything like effective action. They proposed something practical, and had the power and will to accomplish it. Dr. Stebbins continued this train of thought at some length, arguing calmly and decorously against abolitionism and in favor of Republican partyism. When he took his seat,

Lucretia Mott said that Dr. Stebbins was mistaken about the character of the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1833. There were comparatively few clergymen in that body, and there was deep earnestness, but no cant. She then went into an argument, drawn from facts, as to the usefulness of the Anti-Slavery Society, first having followed Dr. Stebbins in his review, showing that the facts he stated were susceptible of a different explanation. She referred to the good done in putting down the Colonization Society, in elevating the condition of the colored people, in promoting better views generally of human rights and duties, etc., etc.

Mr. McKim confirmed Mrs. Mott's account of the Convention of 1833. The ministers were a small minority of that body; the members were chiefly laymen. Since he had heard Dr. Stebbins call the spirit that prevailed at that Convention "cant," he had lost all hope of him. Never, at any meeting, had he seen a deeper and truer religious feeling. The Divine presence had been a palpability. He had thought all would acknowledge this; but Dr. Stebbins, it seemed, was an exception. Mr. McKim continued, arguing in behalf of the anti-slavery movement, that besides the good it was doing to the cause of freedom, it was promoting the interests, too, of morality, of education, of public and private virtue generally.

It was well to keep the cause from the evil contact of politics. He liked to see people that were below the Republican party come up to that standard; but he thought an Abolitionist, truly regenerated, could not act with it without descending. What was it that gave these meetings their perennial life and ever-increasing interest? It was the fact that we made Truth the alpha and omega of our means for promoting the cause. It was that which made these occasions times of revival and seasons of refreshing.

Dr. Stebbins added further remarks, as did also Miss Dickinson.

Resolution number 7, relating to the death of Theodore Parker, was unanimously adopted.

The Nominating Committee then reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, which was unanimously adopted:

President—James Mott.
Vice-Presidents—T. Whitson, R. Purvis.
Corresponding Secretary—J. M. McKim.
Treasurer—Sarah Pugh.
Recording Secretary—R. Tomlinson.
Additional Members of the Executive Committee—L. Mott, A. Kimber, B. C. Bacon, E. M. Davis, M. Grew, M. J. Burleigh, John Child.

The following resolution, offered by Mrs. Mott, was then brought up for consideration:

Resolved, That while we see the penalty for the sin of slavery in the impoverished soil and the depraved morals of the South, we of the North cannot claim exemption from the consequences of our part in this great sin while we continue our commercial intercourse with the slaveholder, and freely partake of the produce of the unrequited toil of the poor slave.

Mr. McKim said the resolution presented two questions, as he understood it. He could not denounce commercial intercourse with slaveholders, for he was glad to have them buy books at our Anti-Slavery Depository; the more they buy the better. He was glad, too, to have them buy goods of our Philadelphia merchants, and leave their money to serve the uses of freedom; they could not do a better thing with their money.

Mrs. Mott held that we should have no union with slaveholders, politically, religiously, or commercially. We ought not to use the products of the slave's unrequited toil. In purchasing slave-grown productions we furnished the slaveholder with the motive and the means for continuing his system.

The evening being far advanced, and there being no time for discussion, the resolution, on motion, was laid on the table, and the Society,

Adjourned without day.

Miscellaneous Department.

EVERY DAY.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Let us not teach and preach so much,
But cherish, rather than profess;
Be careful how the thoughts we touch
Of God, and love, and holiness.

A charm, most spiritual, faint,
And delicate, forsakes the breast,
Bird-like, when it perceives the taint
Of prying breath upon its nest.

Using, enjoying, let us live;
Set here to grow, what should we do
But take what soil and climate give?
For thence must come our sap and hue—

Blooming as sweetly as we may,
Nor beckon comers, nor debar;
Let them take balm or gall away,
According as their natures are.

Look straight at all things from the soul,
But boast not much to understand;
Make each new action sound and whole,
Then leave it in its place unscanned.

Be true, devoid of aim or care,
Nor posture, nor antagonize;
Know well that clouds of this our air
But seem to wrap the mighty skies.

Search starry mysteries overhead,
Where wonders gleam; yet bear in mind
That earth's our planet, firm to tread,
Nor in the star-dance left behind.

For nothing is withheld, be sure,
Our being needed to have shown;
The far was meant to be obscure,
The near was placed so to be known.

Cast we no astrologic scheme
To map the course we must pursue;
But use the lights whene'er they beam,
And every trusty landmark, too.

The future let us not permit
To choke us in its shadow's clasp;
It cannot touch us, nor we it;
The present moment's in our grasp.

Soul severed from the truth is sin;
The dark and dizzy gulf is doubt;
Truth never moves—unmoved therein,
Our road is straight and firm throughout.

This road forever doth abide.
The universe, if fate so call,
May sink away on either side;
But this and God at once shall fall.

*THE PURITANS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.**

It is very natural that Americans, especially New Englanders, should take a deep interest in that extreme Protestant movement in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which contributed so much to the foundation and to the peculiar character of their own commonwealth. The "Pilgrim Fathers" are rather absurdly so called, as nobody is less like a pilgrim, in the common sense of the word, than a man who leaves his own country to settle in a new one. But, whatever they are to be called, the Puritan settlers in North America have had so important an influence on the subsequent history of that country, that their descendants and countrymen are very appropriately employed in tracing out their history, and that of their precursors while they remained in England. We know no reason why an American should not take up the subject coolly and impartially, because certainly nothing can depart more widely from the Puritan ideal than the existing state of things in the United States. The great principle of American religious society is the perfect equality of all sects. The law protects all, and favors or patronizes none. As far as we know, this principle of religious society is there really carried out. We never heard of any particular Church or sect being excepted from the common protection of the law. There seems to be an element of lawlessness everywhere; and we certainly now and then hear of very lawless things being done in the United States. But American lawlessness takes other forms than that of England. We do not remember any American instance of a combination of mob, policemen, magistrates, and the executive government itself, to deny to certain people whose religious notions happened to be unpopular that common protection which the law is supposed to give to every citizen. The St. George's riots could hardly have happened in modern America, because the people do seem to realize the truth that those who dislike a certain sort of worship should simply go and worship in some way that they like better. They could hardly have happened in a perfect Puritan State; but for a very different reason. In such a State Mr. King and his friends would long ago have been imprisoned, banished, or possibly hanged, by due sentence of law.

Mr. Hopkins, as was to be expected, admires the Puritans. He thinks them theologically right and politically wise, and therefore looks upon them as most cruelly and unjustly persecuted. How hard it was to fine and imprison godly ministers who preached the true gospel, merely because they could not conscientiously conform about caps and surplices. So, in a certain sense, it was, but this sort of talk does not go to the bottom of the matter. The plain fact is, that religious liberty was in those days something utterly unknown. It is true that the Reformation, and especially the Puritan Reformation, indirectly did a great deal to introduce it. It is probable that, when once the charm of infallible authority was broken, religious liberty must unavoidably have followed, sooner or later; but nothing is more certain than that no such principle was recognized by any party of those days. Perhaps we should say by any party when in power, for all occasionally appealed to it when they were themselves persecuted, though none thought of it when they were themselves in a position to persecute others. Here and there a speculative statesman may have dreamed of it, or a patriotic prince may have striven in vain to bring it about. "The latitudinarian Paget," who did not want to burn anybody, stands out very honorably in Mr. Froude's last two volumes in contrast to his contemporaries, who all (with Mr. Froude himself) accepted the great principle of burning somebody, but only differed (as Mr. Froude doubts) as to who were the proper people to burn. William the Silent, again, did all he could to protect Protestant and Papist alike, but from neither Protestant nor Papist did he get the least thanks for so doing. One sovereign actually established real toleration for a short season, but for him we must look beyond the limits of Europe and of Christendom. Akbar certainly found no Western imitators in his own generation. Zealous religionists thought it a sin against God to allow the existence of any worship which they looked upon as sinful. Politic statesmen believed it to be part of the duty of the civil government to regulate at least the external profession of religion on the part of its subjects. With the one, the Dissenter of any sort was a mere Amorite or Amalekite to be rooted out; with the other, he was a disloyal citizen to be coerced by the law into due order and obedience. People found out that the mass was idolatrous, and they immediately asked, not that they might be exempted from any compulsory share in the idolatry, but that the cursed thing might be taken away from among them altogether. That others might conscientiously believe that the mass was right, and that it was a hardship to keep those who thought so from saying and hearing it, no more troubled a true religious reformer than a Jewish prophet troubled himself about the scruples of a conscientious believer in Baal. Everywhere, as soon as a prince or a commonwealth embraced the Reformation, the old religion was immediately proscribed. In Germany, indeed, we hear of something which, at first sight, sounds like religious equality—at least, the professors of both religions are to have equal rights. But this was because Germany was a collection of Sovereign States. Each prince or commonwealth might choose a creed, and Catholic and Protestant States were equal in the national Diet. But the private citizen had no choice. He was bound by the theological decisions of the Elector or the Senate. In France, if the Protestants obtained certain rights, it was because they defended them at the point of the sword: and, after all, what was done was mainly after the German model—the allowance of the new worship in certain cities and places, rather than the real equality of the two creeds throughout the whole land.

England, of course, did not lag behind other nations. The Anglican orthodoxy of Henry, the Protestantism of Edward, the Popery of Mary, the modified Anglican system of Elizabeth, was each in turn the one exclusive national religion to be adhered to by every loyal subject. We sympathize with a Puritan persecuted under Elizabeth, because we sympathize with all who are persecuted for conscience sake. But we do not sympathize with him any more than we do with Lambert and with Forrest, persecuted by Henry, with Gardiner and with Joan Bocher, persecuted by Edward, with Ridley and Latimer persecuted by Mary, or with the Catholic victims of Elizabeth herself. Indeed we sympathize with the Elizabethan Puritans least of all. The others, on all sides—except it be poor Joan Bocher, whom Cranmer burned for talking nonsense—suffered confessorship and martyrdom for something that was worth suffering about; but the Puritans made a disturbance about caps and surplices, the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, and the practice of bowing at the name of Jesus. To say that these things were absolutely sinful and anti-Christian in themselves really seems utter folly. It might be foolish to enforce them, but it was surely still more foolish to break the law, and disturb Church and State for the sake of them. The bishops surely had the best of the argument when they said—"The things are perfectly indifferent in themselves; but there must be some order, some ceremonies; these are the order and ceremonies ordained by authority, and when they are ordained, the law must be kept. The Puritans themselves said that ministers ought to have some dress to distinguish them from laymen, only it was sinful to wear that particular dress, because the Papists had worn it. Still, absurd as were their scruples, the Elizabethan Puritans were sufferers for a principle, and, as such, they are entitled to some measure of respect. But they only suffered what they inflicted upon others. None were more clamorous than they for the bloodiest laws against the Papists; nor do they seem to have had any scruples about the most barbarous severities exercised against those who went yet further from the pope than themselves. To be sure, when an unhappy Socinian was burned, there was a certain clamor raised against *burning* him; but that was because burning was too good a death for him, as being that consecrated by the sufferings of their own martyrs. Had he been merely cut up alive, like a Papist, nobody would have made any objection. And of course, when the Puritans had their own way, they were as little tolerant as pope or bishop. It was no longer enough to be themselves excused from using the Prayer Book—those who wished to use it were no longer allowed to do so. That a state of things could be in which one congregation might say mass, another use the English Prayer Book, and another worship without any set form at all, would have seemed equally monstrous to Bonner, to Whitgift, and to Travers, Cartwright, and Dean Sampson of Christ Church.

Yet, after all, the general cause of civil and religious liberty owed, indirectly, much to the Reformation and much to the Puritans. When once the notion of an infallible guide was cast aside, it was in vain to try to keep up the notion of one universal national faith. When the divine right of the See of St. Peter was cast aside, it was hopeless permanently to maintain the divine right of a mere national episcopacy or presbytery. The Anglican revolted, first against the jurisdiction, then against the doctrines of Rome; the Puritan revolted against the Anglican; the Independent, the Anabaptist, the Quaker, revolted against Anglican and Puritan alike. Each revolt became, if it could, a conquest, and excluded the system against which it revolted. But such exclusion could never be lasting. Each revolt was a shock to the principle of compulsory authority in religious matters. Those who have once changed cannot in decency assert their own infallibility. They must feel a certain twinge of conscience in punishing others who have only walked in their own steps. To send people to the stake was a far greater crime in Cranmer than it was in Pole. Even in Henry's time, to burn a man as a heretic for denying the newly-invented doctrine of the king's supremacy was felt to be something so monstrous that Henry and Cranmer themselves did not venture upon it more than once. Elizabeth, who once went regularly to mass herself, was ashamed to burn as heretics those who continued to do so. She simply found out various good reasons for plundering the laymen and for embowelling the priests. Consequently, though Catholic Anglican, Protestant Anglican, and Puritan were alike intolerant, yet each indirectly helped to establish the great principle of toleration.

Again, Puritanism incidentally became directly connected with the cause of civil liberty. Quite incidentally, we believe. Say and Hampden did not serve their country better because they were Puritans, than did Robert Fitzwalter, Simon de Montfort, and Roger Bigod, because they were orthodox Catholics. But in the seventeenth century, the cause of the Church and that of the crown were linked together. Ecclesiastical and civil government were alike carried on in arbitrary and illegal ways. The clergy, who, in the thirteenth century, had been the leaders of the people, were in the seventeenth the slaves and flatterers of the prince. The throne of Stephen Langton and Robert Winchelsey had now become the resting-place of Laud. The ecclesiastical and civil powers could not be attacked separately—the Puritans and the patriots were united in the same party, and the two characters were often united in the same man. Puritanism helped civil liberty, not because it had any natural affinity with it, but because civil liberty naturally allied itself with the persecuted side in religion.

We do not say that Mr. Hopkins is at all ignorant of all these things. Indeed, he now and then brings forward some of the points which we have just mentioned clearly enough. But he certainly admires the Puritans in their opposition to caps and surplices in a way which we cannot enter into, though, perhaps, it may be quite intelligible at St. George's-in-the-east. And he brings up, as against Elizabeth, the undoubted fact that she retained many things for the express purpose of conciliating the Catholic party. If one national religion was to be enforced upon everybody, surely, it was only reason and justice to try to make it acceptable to as many as possible. As yet, neither Papists nor Puritans thought of leaving the established Church. They only wished to have it preserved or reformed in their own way. Mr. Froude is at least right in bringing prominently forward (though it is certainly no new discovery of his) that the system of Henry VIII.—Popery without the Pope—was what the English people really wanted. They liked the old ceremonies, and they had no objection to the old doctrines. Probably they rather enjoyed than otherwise the occasional beheading of a duke or burning of a bishop. But they hated the pope, they hated the Spaniard, they were disgusted with wholesale burnings of utterly helpless and harmless persons. Hence, on the one hand, multitudes were driven into Protestantism simply by the bloody and unnational policy of Mary's reign. On the other hand, many Catholics who had gone along with Henry, who had endured the first days of Edward, who had persuaded themselves that the first Liturgy hardly differed from a mass in English, gradually learned by experience that Popery could not go on without the pope, and that an independent Anglican Church could not fail to become more or less Protestant. Hence the apparent inconsistency of bishops—Bonner himself for one—who had zealously maintained Henry's title as Supreme *Head* of the Church, being deprived rather than allow Elizabeth's humbler claim to be Supreme *Governor*. Still, even in the first days of Elizabeth, the necessity of a rupture did not at once appear; and though a Catholic party disapproved in one way and a Protestant party in another, there was no open schism in either direction till Elizabeth had been several years on the throne. The Anglicanism of Elizabeth was doubtless a compromise; so must have been any religious system which was to have the least chance of national acceptance. And surely experience shows that it was neither an unwise nor an unsuccessful compromise. The "Calvinistic Creed" and the "Popish Liturgy," even with the later addition of the "Arminian Clergy," have worked very well in the long run. We do not undertake to rule theological questions one way or another; but surely something has come out of it practically better than either pope or presbyter could have given us.

Mr. Hopkins—to return to our immediate subject—when writing what is more strictly to be called history, writes somewhat less extravagantly than many of his countrymen, though he is far from being free from the national vice of fine writing. But he seems really to have no notion of the limits which divide romance from history. It has, indeed, latterly become the fashion to begin books professing to be historical with a striking scene something in the style of the late Mr. G. P. R. James. Thus Sir Edward Creasy begins his "History of the Ottomans" with an account of a ride taken by certain people through the middle of Anatolia; and thus, too, Mr. John Morris, Canon of Northampton, begins his "Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury" with an account of a shorter ride taken by certain other people from London to Harrow-on-the-Hill. But both of these are quite outdone by Mr. Samuel Hopkins. He not only begins with a ride and a talk performed at Hampton Court in 1549 by King Edward and his uncle Somerset, but throughout the whole book similar long "Imaginary Conversations" are constantly scattered, which are made out of Mr. Hopkins's own brain, or at the very best, now and then dramatized out of hints to be found in original writers. In some cases Mr. Hopkins is meagre, if not positively inaccurate, and inferior modern authorities occur rather too often among his references. The following is surely a very inadequate account of the fall of Wolsey:

"Parliament had not met for seven years. During all this time the Pope had given law to Englishmen and judged them in his courts; his interests had been sustained by oppressions upon all classes and in all branches of business, until lords and commons cringed under the smart of their wrongs. Wolsey, a prince of the Roman Church, had been judge paramount. All judicial transactions had passed in his name and under his seal, as the pope's lieutenant. The king had permitted this, to be sure; but that did not alter the legal fact. He therefore ordered the cardinal to be arrested and tried for treason; and he was pronounced guilty under the statute of Præmunire. The poor man immediately took to his bed; and in a few days died with the sad words upon his lips: 'Had I been as careful to serve the God of heaven, as I have to comply to the will of my earthly king, God would not have left me in mine old age, as the other hath done.'"

On minor faults we will not dwell at length; but we must ask what is meant by a "*bilious tang*" (p. 190) pervading the writings of Heylin? And we are quite at a loss to know what may be implied by Queen Elizabeth's "virility." "She rejected," Mr. Hopkins tells us, "suitor after suitor, and went through the *term of her virility*, 'a barren stock.'" Is this extraordinary attribute for a female ruler designed as a counterpoise to the famous "churching" of William the Conqueror, when so many candles were lighted in the city of Mantes?

The book is very handsomely printed, and is so far creditable to the University Press of the Transatlantic Cambridge. But we wish that American writers or printers, whichever are the culprits, would learn to divide their syllables. "Bish-op" is very unpleasant; but when it comes to "Noth-ing," the very plainest etymology in the world, as we should have thought, is utterly cast to the winds.—*Saturday Review.*

---

* The Puritans; or the Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. In 3 vols. Vol. I. Boston: Trubner & Co.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

A floating on the fragrant flood
Of summer, fuller hour by hour,
With all the sweetness of the bud,
Crowned by the glory of the flower,
My spirits with the season flowed;
The air was all a breathing balm;
The lake so softly sapphire glowed;
The mountains lay in royal calm.

Green leaves were lusty, roses blushed
For pleasure in the golden time;
The birds through all their feathers flushed
For gladness of their marriage prime.
Languid, among the lilies I threw
Me down, for coolness, 'mid the sheen,
Heaven one large smile of brooding blue,
Earth one large smile of basking green.

A rich suspended shower of gold
Hung o'er me, my laburnum crown!
You look up heavenward, and behold,
It glows, and comes in glory down!
There, as my thoughts of greenness grew
To fruitage of a leafy dream,
There, friend, your letter thrilled me through,
And all the summer day was dim.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
So full of voices blithe and brave,
With all her lamps of beauty alight
With life! I had forgot the grave.
And there it opened at my feet,
Revealing a familiar face,
Upturned, my whitened look to meet,
And very patient in its place.

My poor bereaven friend, I know
Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,
A little love for comforting,
And yet the best that I can say
Will only help to sum your loss,
I can but lift my look, and pray
God help my friend to bear his cross.

I have felt something of your smart,
And lost the dearest thing e'er wound
In love about a human heart;
I, too, have life-roots underground.
From out my soul hath leapt a cry
For help, nor God himself could save;
And tears still run that nought will dry
Save death's hand with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
These hidden secrets of his love;
But now the stillness stuns us so,
Darkly as in a dream we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go,
Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low,
The flowers are saying something sweet.

And 'tis a merry world; the lark
Is singing over the green corn;
Only the house and heart are dark!
Only the human world forlorn!
There, in her bridal-chamber, lies
A dear bed-fellow, all in white;
That purple shadow under eyes
Where star-fire swam in liquid night.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk,
And music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways and wedded walk,
For many and many a golden year;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad, by roughest road,
Gone! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves for us and glowed.

The waiting angel, patient wife,
All through the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified!
When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
And the heart sank, she poured a balm
That stilled them, and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
In all its golden fulness lay,
And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe,
Even on earth, our tears away—
The good, true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face, and fall:
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end! And is this all?

The bloom of bliss, the secret glow,
That clothed without, and inly curled—
All gone. We are left shivering now,
Naked to the wide open world.
A shrivelled, withered world it is,
And sad, and miserably cold:
Where be its vaunted braveries?
'Tis gray, and miserably old.

Our joy was all a drunken dream:
This is the truth at waking. We
Are swept out rootless by the stream
And current of calamity,
Out on some lone and shoreless sea
Of solitude, so vast and deep,
As in a wrong Eternity,
Where God is not, or gone to sleep.

My friend, I see you with your cup
Of tears and trembling, see you sit,
And long to help you drink it up,
With useless longings infinite—
Sit, rocking the old mournful thought,
That on the heart's blood will be nursed,
Unless the blessed tears be brought,
Unless the cloudy sorrows burst.

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for a while they will not miss
The mother-wings above the nest,
But down a dream they feel her kiss;
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With mournings that must thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.

And sorrow on your threshold stands,
The Dark Ladye in glooming pall;
I see her take you by the hands,
I feel her shadow over all.
Hers is no warm and tender clasp:
With silence solemn as the night's,
And veiled face, and mighty grasp,
She leads her chosen up the heights.

The cloudy crags are cold and gray,
You cannot scale them without scars—
A many martyrs, by the way,
Who never reached her tower of stars!
But there her beauty shall be seen,
Her glittering face so proudly pure,
And all her majesty of mien,
And all her guerdon shall be sure.

Well. 'Tis not written God will give
To his beloved only rest;
The hard life of the Cross they live—
They strive, and suffer, and are blessed.
The feet must bleed to reach their throne;
The brow will burn before it bears
One of the crowns that may be won
By workers for immortal wear.

Dear friends, life beats, though buried 'neath
Its long black vault of night; and see,
There trembles, through this dark of death,
Starlight of immortality.
And yet shall dawn the eternal day,
To kiss the eyes of them that sleep;
And He shall wipe all tears away
From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
In such a weary world of care,
To feel that we have friends in heaven:
Who helped us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep, through outer dark,
To-day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be;
On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.
Love deep as death, and rich as rest;
Love that was love with all Love's might;
Level to needs the lowliest,
Will not be less love at full-height.

Though earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit may be nigher;
The music chord the same at heart,
Though one should range an octave higher.
Eyes watch us that we cannot see;
Lips warm us which we may not kiss;
They wait for us, and starrily
Lean towards us from heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face;
But love is nearness, and they love
Us yet, nor change with change of place,
In their more human world above,
Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a marriage feast
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

—*All the Year Round.*

Collecting Postage Stamps.—The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says that there is now a mania in some circles for collecting postage stamps of all nations. Some collections number three hundred varieties. It says:

"The comparison of the different heads and legends adopted by the several powers of the world makes the collections something more than a mere pastime, and gives to it something of the dignity and value of a collection of coins or medals. The stamps of Mauritius and Hawaii, we believe, are accounted among the most rare, and next to these may be named the Russian, for which, acting as amateur stamp-broker, we should readily be authorized to offer a half-dozen of the more common Italian, German, or French varieties, and perhaps hundreds of English or American. The great variety of stamps obtainable ceases to be surprising when it is recollected that in each of the countries where they are employed at all, several denominations are issued; and in some of them (as in the United States) there are old and new patterns, all of which are necessary in a complete collection. This elegant and curious 'mania' is now chiefly indulged by young ladies, but we cannot tell how soon it may take possession of the more mature portion of mankind. We have already suggested that it is not beneath the notice of the most dignified literary institutions."

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

The short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Kublitz was at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth, so far removed from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good humor, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday life, had indescribable charms for me. Kublitz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silvery river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far stretching moorlands, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the South might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast purple moors, a line of blue peaks that faintly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Khol Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I thus gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilization. To the North, a line of low hills broke the distant sky line—the *last* range, I was told, between fair Kublitz and the grim icy bergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There, among those hills, the northern bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the unhunted wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named, in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills. But let me try to describe Kublitz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the shortlived smile of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a woundrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

All that rocky glen where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those shrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in Fairyland. Fruit and flowers! everywhere fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed literally crimson with the wild strawberries—those woundrous strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the hoofs of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveller, yet are so delicate and matchless in flavor that the Czar himself sends for them, by *estafettes*, all the long, long way to his summer palace of Tsarzkoy-Chêle. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crags, the meadows, the thickets, glow and blossom with a thousand many-hued flowers; the meres and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits, and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens, have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry. One never knows what a summer really is, never knows with what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland.

And the people? Well, all I can say is, I liked them, and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folks that had not a pleasant smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of "smolke" and dried fish from the sea coast, and, luxury unparalleled, perhaps even a great black loaf, brought all the way from Norway (for Lapland has no bread), to do honor to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians: they were called savages, idolaters, enchanters, even cannibals; but I can only say that they not only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleecing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers. The village of Kublitz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine timber. In fact, the huts were not cottages—they were leafy booths such as the roving Tartar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual picnic. But the true houses were under the earth, not above its surface. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with only a low chimney, like a magnified molehill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the caverned storehouses for all their worldly wealth, and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year. And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway "before it got dark." A strange idea seized me—what if I were to stop behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long three months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me blink like an owl at the unwearying sun that *would* shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had been, how new, fresh and piquant; and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-wearied man, who has passed his grand climacteric, can discover a sensation that shall be at once new, fresh and piquant. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but, "Pshaw!" thought I, "I can go next summer. Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I dare say, about the non-appearance of an uncle they never set their juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I'll stay all night."

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was now going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me—I did not know what it was like, he said; but I told him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders; Madame Wow, or, more correctly speaking, Huswife Wow (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependants and servants), lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters tittered, and all the sons stared, at this remarkable decision on my part. But, as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecedentedly liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak, and sing on occasion, in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lapponic tongue, and played the fiddle and flute, besides being the owner of a musical box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly, we moved into our winter quarters.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks, of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, as became the owner of five hundred reindeer. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay walls like a row of sleeping berths on board a packet ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especially austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by means of the hollow trunk of an alder tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three-piled velvet that ever loom wove; the bed was a pile of dressed deer skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider duck and the wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of yielding eider down; and—crowning magnificence!—there was an old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow pointed proudly, as to a proof of intercourse with the civilized world of modern Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hung about it still.

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters, when, one fine evening, I was summoned to join a solemn procession which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighboring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day "Good-by!" It was a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers, of every age, from the wrinkled grandsire who tottered on his staff, and with a palsy-shaken hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched that fast declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarcely hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders, the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deer-herds: old and young were gazing with a common purpose and a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories, rushed in upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The wild and mystic verses of Tegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of the Northern sun, recurred to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been very rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland, like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in Cimmerian darkness. Plunge! the red sun had flashed down below the horizon. A heavy twilight settled, as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright, in her rainbow robe, studded with flowers, was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realms. Hark! the long wailing cadences of the sweet, sad chant—an old, old heathen chant, of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Venus and Summer of this far remote race—in which the Laplanders bewail the parting day! Now for the long, long night! Already, as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away too—already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak round me at the sudden sensation of cold. "It is the snow wind," said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; "no more flowers for the lasses to braid in their hair this year."

I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the Laps. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should seal up mere and river, and start, like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far-away moorlands, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strange and grotesque, and their pygmy figures impish, in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream—that it was real waking life—that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year, and that I was going to try and while away a winter night that would have given time to Scherazadé herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories—all this bewildered me. But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in caves. Peter Wow, as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Kublitz in his hospitable halls underground. Torches blazed and sputtered; lamps, fed by seal oil and deer's fat, were lighted, and hung to every bracket and projection through all the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour, the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests. All Kublitz was there, young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden by the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the rooms by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were presently to figure in the ancient sword dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild pathos, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fawn-like elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of those lithe, small-limbed elfins of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure me a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt, like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Lilliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvellous sight, that assembly of small folks under the level of the earth, and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the Daione Sheah of the Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troop of carousing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been borne away to Fairyland, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and, with his high red cap set jauntily on his gray locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the king of the Drows or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions describe him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witchlike ugliness of the old women, to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion, but age, it seems, comes on with terribly swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to weird age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong in spite of their pygmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed, more than once, to raise troops among the Laplanders; but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow shoes, and form a militia on the border; and there the sensitive little heroes are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty-inch standard. The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians and Southerners generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norsemen always say, "He who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain"; for the small folks have wonderful acuteness with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secret hearts the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an ace of being level with my shoulder; and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet of perpendicular elevation, which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning, I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copse, the illimitable moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song birds, the uncultured fruits that offered their profusion everywhere, blooming heather and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not as dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy, shimmering light prevailed, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed, the blinding snow-flakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant.

"They are plucking the wild goose's feathers finely up there, north," said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woollen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a strange season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or neither. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, the bone flute and the musk ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular times for meals, or sleep, or work, or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labors as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking, to say nothing of eating, drinking and gossiping, went on in a promiscuous fashion through the twenty-four hours of what would, down south, have been a legal day. If any one felt tired or sleepy, he or she went to sleep; the hungry ate, the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; birchen bowls were carved, horn trinkets chiselled, and stories related to gaping listeners, all at once, and all for ever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically. I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing. I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of amiable nightmare. Of course, I saw no newspapers: the world might wag as it pleased. It was in the daylight—I in the dark. Of course, I received no letters: the post-courier was shut out, along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp-lit, moonshiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scratched away the snow with their fore feet. There were hunting parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter livery of white. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a grand battle with an old giant of a bear, who presumed on the superstitious respect the Laps have for "Old Grandfather Wizard," as they call him, and robbed the storehouses, until his thefts became unbearable. The wolf hunts were rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, cowed the dogs with his ursine hugs, and nearly beat the whole community, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then there were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow in a deer-drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jangling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his antlered team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moorlands! The worst of it is, it takes away your breath uncommonly; and when I waxed confident, and *would* drive personally, I was run away with, of course, upset with an awful purl into a drift five fathom deep, and dug out ignominiously, amid much laughter of the little folks, who greatly crowed over clumsy Gulliver. Still, the drives were famous fun. I was frostbitten twice, and revived by a snow-rubbing; but, worse, I was struck with snow-blindness, for I had to pass a fortnight in my cabin in absolute darkness, and was not the happier for the reflection that my own obstinacy in refusing to wear snow-spectacles had brought this agreeable seclusion upon me. But the kind little folks bustled about me, and told me the most wonderful stories of gnomes, witches, genii, and so forth, all with perfect childish belief and gravity, and sang and played to me, and lightened my loneliness considerably. When I recovered, I was thankful for the spectacles, and never suffered from the glare any more.

So the winter wore on. The Laps were always kind, gentle and gay, in their strange, semi-pagan way, though I trembled lest I should really be ill, beyond cure of their simple remedies, and abandoned to the wizard, a sort of medicine-man among them, who beats his magic drum, and mutters spells over the sick, as among the American Indians. Not that the Laps are idolaters now, although, in 1700, Bishop Gunner found a few heathens still among them, who worshipped a black stone. On the contrary, we had a pastor of the Swedish Church at Kublitz. But he was a native Lap, a meek little man, who had half forgotten his small stock of learning acquired at Upsala; and I am sure he put perfect faith in the wizard, as the latter moved about, haughty and mysterious, in his blue magic dress, and was not the sort of priest to eradicate the superstitions which he avowedly shared. Besides the wizard, we possessed two witches, impish crones, in pointed caps of white fox skin, who derived fees and much reverence from the fears of the community. Yet my hosts looked on themselves as civilized folks, compared with their more northern neighbors. "All bad tribes up north," Peter Wow would say, in his broken Swedish; "shoot you if you go there, for fear you come for harm! Cannibals up there! and you know the Lapland muskets never miss!" Indeed, they very seldom *do* miss, at a moderate range.

But the Merry Dancers! I was going to omit the most strangely splendid sight that ever astonished my eyes, and to which a whole Royal Academy of artists could never do justice. The Northern Lights, the customary auroras and meteors, were unusually splendid about midwinter; but once, as I was returning from a sledge excursion, an exclamation from my guide made me start. I shall never forget the scene. The heavens were one vast pavilion of many-colored light: blue, orange, fiery red, deep violet, now paved with fiery gold, now spangled with lustrous gems, all blended in one glowing mass; while beneath, and touching the snowy plain, wheeled and sparkled, as in fantastic dance, a hundred columns of prismatic fire, that seemed the creation of some wild dream. These were the Merry Dancers, the wondrous Lights of the North. Ah! it was a pleasant winter; and I protest that I was half sorry when we all went up the hill again, and hailed the rising sun, and day and summer came pouring in at once; and the boat was prepared, and I bade my gnome hosts adieu, and went off to the daylight, open air, Gloucestershire world again.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Advertisements.

IMPROVED EUROPEAN RANGES,
INVENTED BY
JOSHUA HARRISON, OF ENGLAND.

THESE RANGES,
FOR
ECONOMY, DURABILITY AND WEIGHT OF METAL,
FAR SURPASS ANY EVER BEFORE OFFERED
IN THIS MARKET.

☞ Send for a circular.
BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO., Manufacturers,
442 Broadway, New York.

A family of three persons, or an hotel of a thousand guests can be furnished with a Range of suitable capacity.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

HELPER'S "IMPENDING CRISIS" of the SOUTH can be had, wholesale and retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. For sale at the Anti Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 824 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D., Practising Physician, No. 661 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the most approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the science. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

FURNITURE.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Cabinet Warerooms of Schott & Beacock No. 143 North Ninth street, below Race, Philadelphia.
Spring and Hair Mattresses made to order. Repairing, Varnishing, Upholstering, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, N. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH H. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for bis superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
150 Market street, S. W. corner Fourth, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined refrigerators, water filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole agency for Butterworth's celebrated bank, vault and door locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.
JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200. Phila.
JONES & CO.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1,000. Mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Friends' Marriage Certificates (a new Plate).
CLOTHIER & FEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.